IN TOUCH

FOR MEN

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ISSUE 31

Nick Nolte

a Gay Guide to Erotic
AMSTERDAM

Larry Kert

The MARS PICTURE

Torn & Tattered

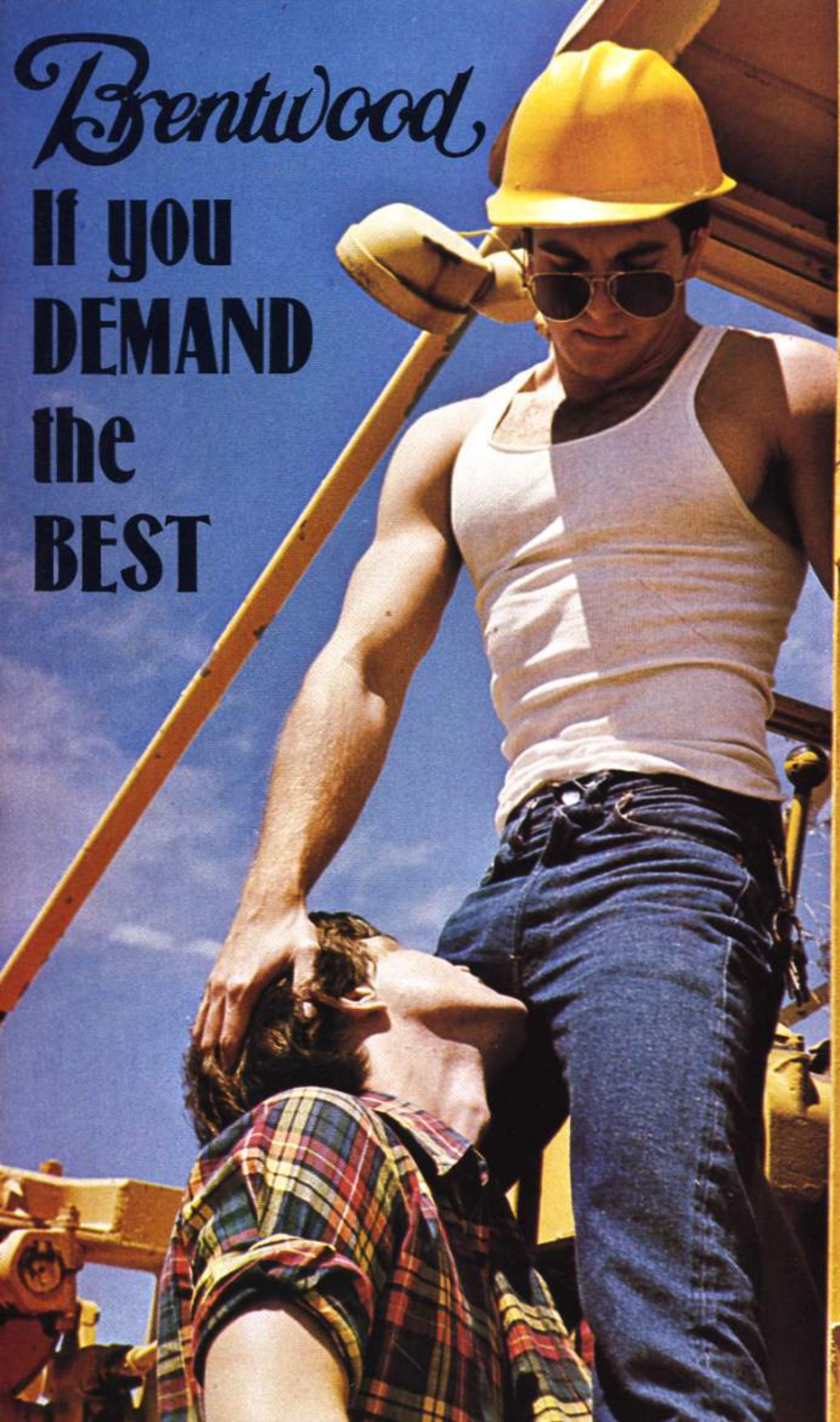
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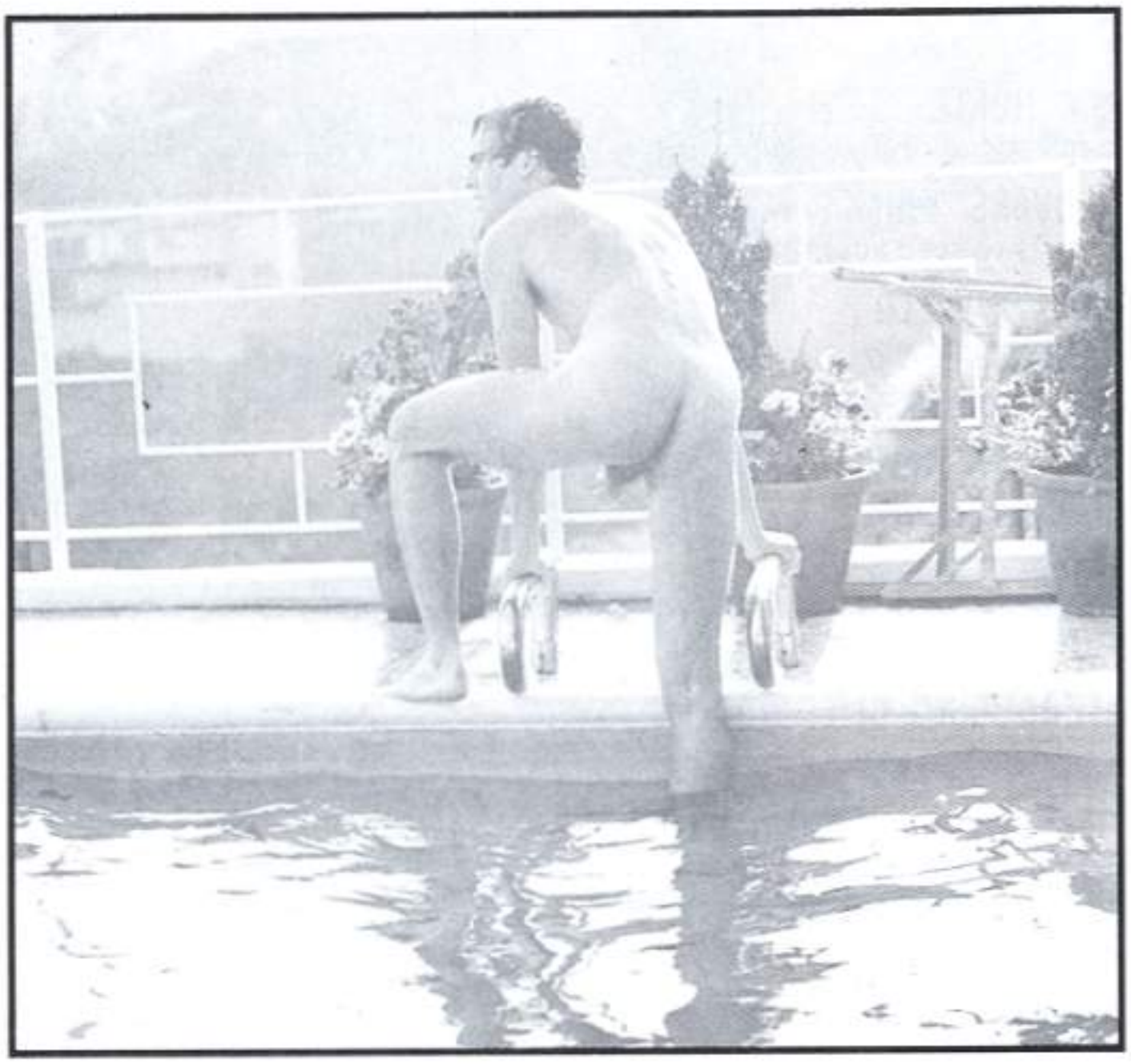
editorial

Growth is the name of the game, and it's a game IN TOUCH is out to win — with *you* as one of our most valued players. If you're not currently among our growing list of subscribers, we urge you to fill out the coupon on page 39 of this issue. You'll receive every issue of IN TOUCH at your door (in a discreet brown envelope, if that sort of thing is important to you) at least a week before it appears on the newsstands. If you already subscribe, urge your friends to join you.

The larger IN TOUCH's circulation becomes, the better we can serve you. We've recently expanded into Canada in a big way, to improve our service to gay readers there; we're going strong in countries around the world — but it is *your* support, and that of your friends, that is most important to us.

Helping IN TOUCH to grow means you're getting even more each issue in terms of the best of gay fiction, features, travel, personality profiles, and new and exciting male nudes.

A second way in which you can become an active participant in IN TOUCH's growth is by your continuing support of IN TOUCH advertisers. These companies and organizations think enough of your business to approach you through the best gay media available, and your response has traditionally made IN TOUCH a valuable advertising market for them. But without *your* support, this wouldn't be true.



(Incidentally, speaking of growth, we'd like to call your attention to a new magazine you saw advertised in the last issue of IN TOUCH — *Stallion*. It's a relative in the growing IN TOUCH family, designed for those who enjoy taking an occasional visual side-trip into the purely erotic.)

Off the soapbox for a moment to tell you a little about what you'll find in this issue: on the personalities scorecard we have Nick Nolte, Larry Kert, Paul Winfield, and Joan Crawford; for fiction buffs, the range is from light ("Blanche, Scarlett, and Me") to the far-out ("The Mars Picture"); plus our usual offering of three exciting new models and full-color centerspread nude.

We're not called IN TOUCH for nothing.

MOVIES MUSIC

NIGHTLIFE

BOOKS

MOVIES

If this isn't at least the eighteenth review you've seen of 20th Century-Fox's blockbuster, **Star Wars**, you must have been away somewhere (perhaps standing in line to *see* **Star Wars**). But good things bear repeating, and **Star Wars** is good — so good it's hard to find much to compare it to. Photographically, it is far beyond **2001: a Space Odyssey.** It's a popcorn-stuffing plot with a direct line to the old adrenal glands. (When is the last time *you've* seen, outside of **Star Wars,** a mature, grown-up audience cheering the heroes and applauding the action like a bunch of ten-year-olds at a Saturday matinee?)



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Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) off to the rescue in the year's biggest hit, "Star Wars."

Star Wars has something for everyone, and that goes double for gay audiences. Two of the hunkiest heroes this side of **Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid** set this reviewers imagination a-gallop .I could just see them, after the closing scene, shaking hands with the leading lady — a princess, yet — and walking off into the sunset, arm-to-waist. Young, blond Mark Hamill may or may not be gay in real life — the same goes for sexy Harrison Ford — but they sure as hell should be if 20 million gays had anything to say about it.

One of the surest ways to have anybody *not* enjoy a movie is for everybody to say how great it is. My advice to you is to see it with your defenses down — but see it!

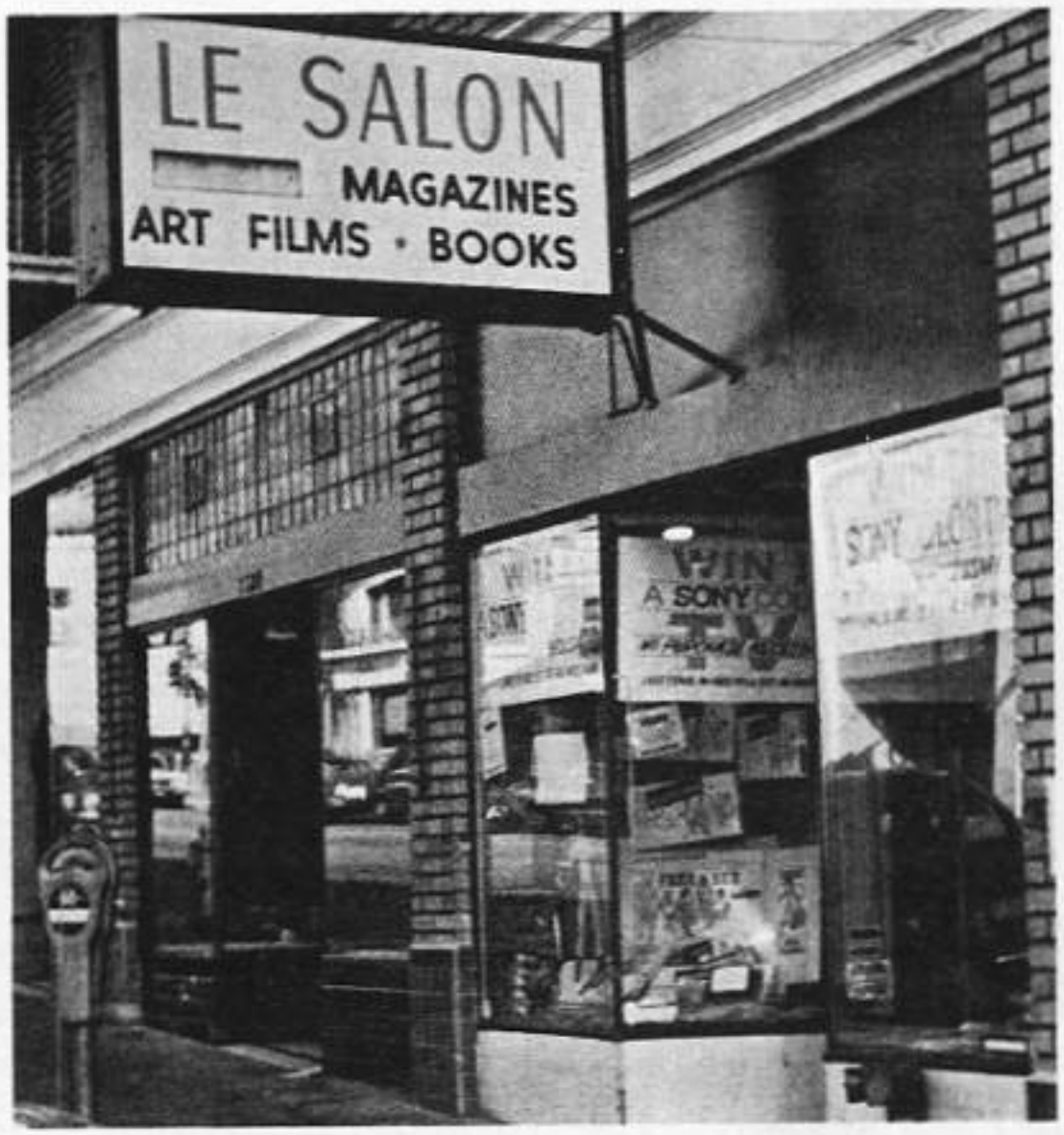
A Bridge Too Far, from United Artists, is fairly good entertainment, if you can keep from letting who's-supposed-to-be-who in the cast of trillions bother you. Lots of biggies here — Sir Laurence Olivier, Maxmillian Schell, Robert Redford (yes, *that* Robert Redford), Ryan O'Neal, James Caan, etc. Also lots of battle scenes, crumbling buildings, gorgeous young men seen all-too-fleetingly. One gets the impression of having seen it all before, somewhere.

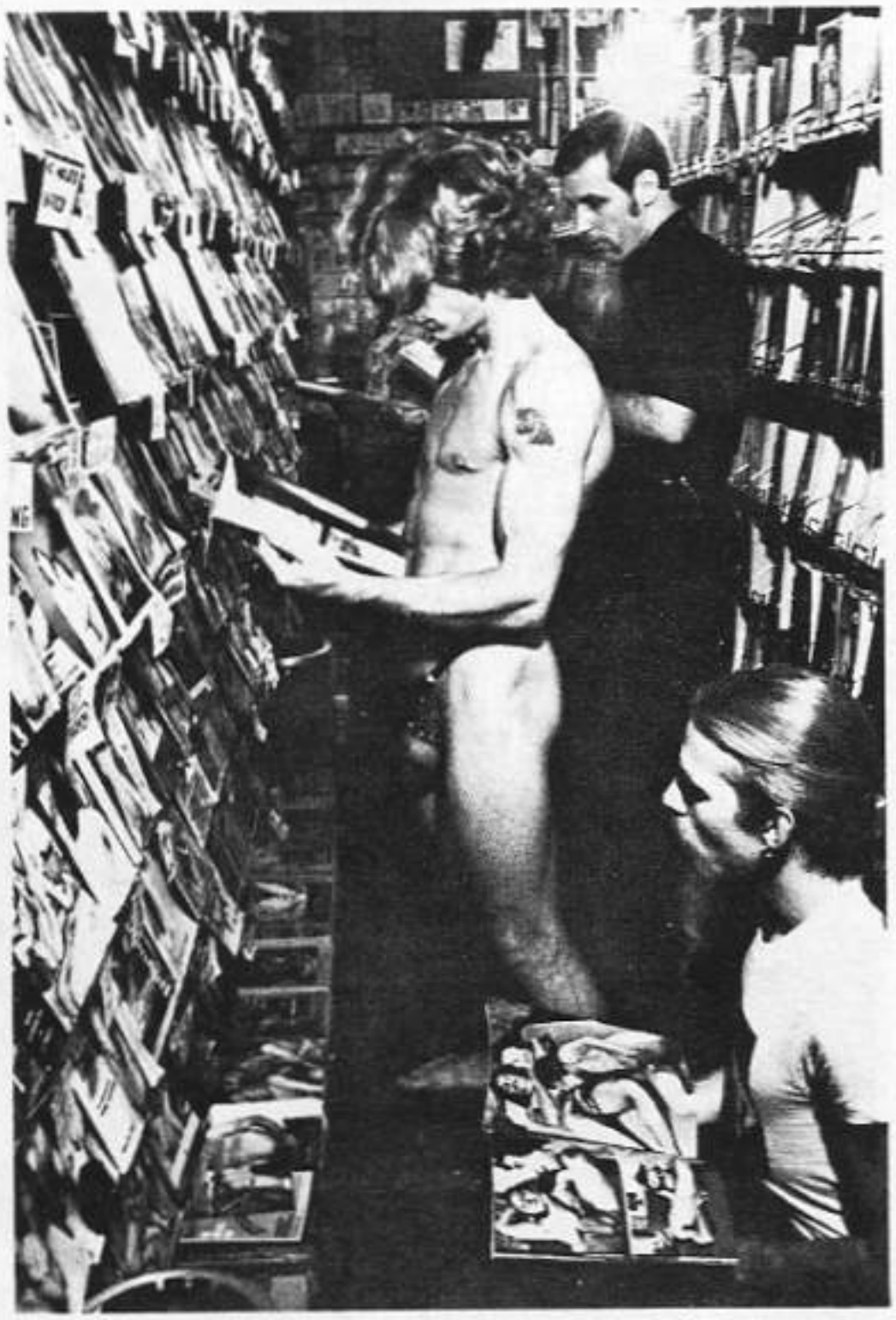
Something that always bothers me about war movies—where were *we* when all this was going on? There is one brief segment, in which James Caan refuses to accept the fact that his buddy has been killed, which *could*, if one were so inclined, smack vaguely of affection between men that goes beyond the macho punch on the arm. I so chose, and enjoyed the movie more because of it.

It might appear that they're trying to bring back World War II, but another meat-and-potatoes (box office department) surefire success

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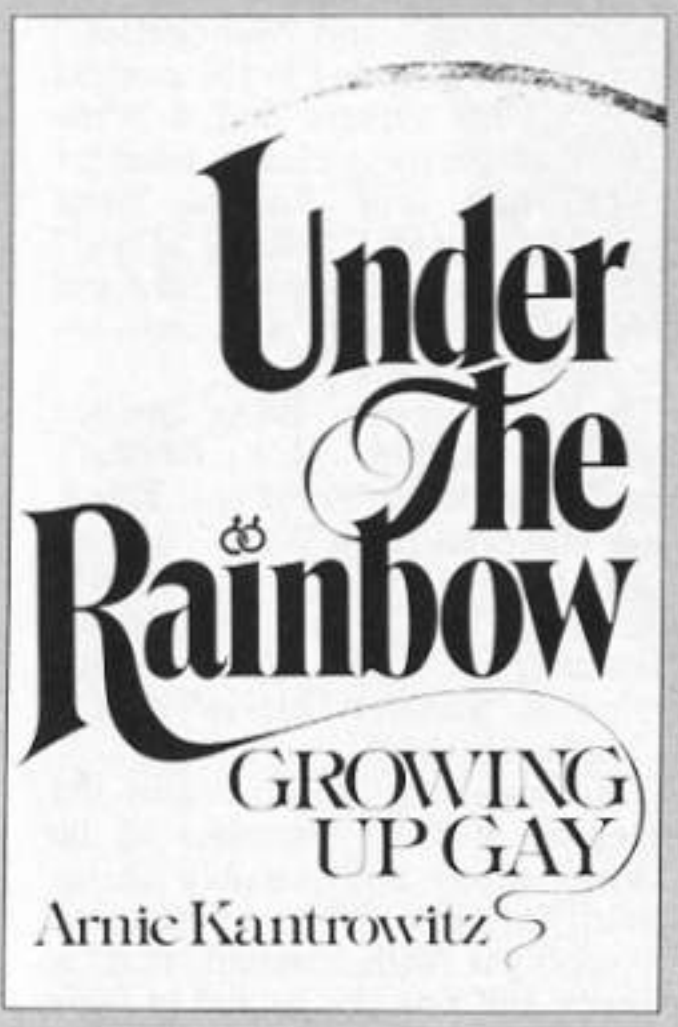
is **MacArthur,** a Richard D. Zanuk, David Brown Production, starring Gregory Peck in the title role. A visually interesting, well-intentioned film, **MacArthur** struggles with the inherent difficulties of trying to cover one hell of a large scope (and an intricately complex man) in a little over two hours. The result is the traditional Chinese dinner — tasty, but after an hour, you are hungry again. It tells some interesting anectodes about its major characters (including Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman), but it never tells you *who* these men really were. Maybe that's asking too much.

One fascinating similarity between **Star Wars, A Bridge Too Far,** and **MacArthur**: there is no sex. No explicit sex. No implied sex —except for those of us with mental microscopes. (Though of the three, gays can read into **Star Wars** and, fleetingly, **A Bridge Too Far**, some pleasantly revealing hints that love and sex may not be as far apart as we've been lead to believe.) Maybe Hollywood is trying to tell us something.

— Rick Fletcher

BOOKS

Arnie Kantrowitz's **Under the Rainbow: Growing Up Gay,** (Wm. Morrow, 225 pgs. $8.95) follows a fat Jewish boy from Newark along the yellow-brick road to



his part in New York's gay liberation outburst in late 1969. **Advocate** writer Kantrowitz gives us a glowing, angry, insightful and vibrantly gay book about his nearly 30 years in the closet and his first few years in the movement.

Some biogs of the closet are depressing. Not this, for Kantrowitz saw himself even then with scalpel honesty and wry humor. His mother warned him early that boys who didn't "behave right" might be teased as sissies, even stoned to death by other boys. This frightful thought hung over him for years. It didn't quite make him "behave right", but he certainly tried. Strongest and most exciting of recent gay personal memoirs.

Orgasms of Light: The Gay Sunshine Anthology, edited by Winston Leyland (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140, 264 pgs. $5.95), is a sparkling paperback treasure trove


Illustration from "Orgasms of Light: the Gay Sunshine Anthology."

of much of the best gay verse, short fiction and graphics to surface from the Gay Lib era. Since Leyland wrested GS from the original collective it's been a fountainhead of gay creativity. We have here works by Cavafy, Sergei Esenin, Charles Henry Ford, Ginsberg, Lorca, Rolfe, Weiners *et al* alongside poets whose reputations trace directly to Gay Lib: Farinella, Shurin, Young — and a wealth of translations from Arabic, Andalusian, classic Greek and modern Japanese gay verse. Hard, shining, explicit . . . .

Morton Hunt's **Gay: What You Should Know About Homosexuality** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 210 pgs., $7.95), is a friendly heterosexual's urbane run-down of the old "25-questions", well-informed, well-written, highly readable, but often shallow and careless on detail (as with dating of the first Hooker and Kinsey studies, the meaning of the American Psychological Association's "sexual orientation disturbance" category, the misreading of the Genesis 13 part of the Sodom story or the inaccurate refutation of Kallman's genetic twin study) and tending to overgeneralize about gay customs or terminology where his statement would apply better to specific localities, times or classes.

Gay writers also do that, as with David Loovis, in **Straight Answers About Homosexuality for Straight Readers** (Prentice-Hall, 190 pgs., $8.95). Loovis seems less the gay Dr. Reuben here than in his earlier **Gay Spirit.** Format: tough, generally homophobic questions by an anonymous hetero (who shifts disconcertingly from a "by cracky" tone to technical manner.) Progression is chaotic but so is the subject. Why he continues to refer to Goodstein's **"Los Angeles Advocate"** is a mystery. Loovis describes his own gayness (page 93) far less didactically. A lot of good work, but if you want to send Aunt Lucy an educational book, try Kantrowitz, Howard Brown or Jonathan Katz.

Alan Evert, Anita Bryant's press agent before her anti-gay campaign, bills **The Homosexuals** (Macmillan, 332 pgs., $9.95) as "The First Book in Which Homosexuals Speak for and about Themselves." It isn't quite that, but it does get inside the heads and hearts of 17 interviewees, exploring childhood and adulthood, fears and biases, hopes and joys. Started out sounding too Freudian, and as if more than the names were fictionalized, but got much better. Try this on Aunt Lucy . . . .

The Other Persuasion, Short Fiction About Gay Men and Women, ed. by Seymour Kleinberg (Vintage paperback, 349 pgs., $3.95), is a superb collection of short stories — and not just a repeat of the 1954 Cory anthology. I'd read few of these before (Proust, Stein, Radclyffe, Hall, Forster, Faulkner, Farrel, Maude Hutchins, Jane Rule, etc.) and all were excellent choices, though gentle readers may be jolted by the pre-liberated attitudes of some older writers.

Roger Austen's **Playing the Game, The Homosexual Novel in America.** (Bobbs-Merrill, 240 pgs., $8.95), would make a fine textbook on the evolution of male gay fiction here, starting with early pieces like the Bayard Taylor novel described recently in IN TOUCH. Specialists may quibble on many points but it will be an exciting tour of discovery for average gay readers.

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Robert LaGuardia's loving and exciting **Monty: A Biography of Montgomery Clift,** (Arbor House, 304 pgs., $12.95), is the strongest, most moving film-star biog I've yet read. Deals fully with Monty's gayness, though the narrative is overly conscious from the start that Monty will die and dwells too heavily on the dominant-mother theme. Well-illustrated account of the smoldering actor who laid out the style for Dean, Brando, *et al.* If you aren't already in love. . . .

James Spada's **The Films of Robert Redford** (Citadel Press, 256 pgs. $14.00), can also flutter the heart, though Redford's story isn't a tragedy. Handsome addition to anyone's coffee table. Lively, well-organized text and illustrations galore.

Hard Corps: Studies in Leather & Sadomasochism by Michael Grumly, photos by Ed Galluci (Dutton Paperback, $6.95), an elegant treatment of the leather scene, following the East Coast style of mixing gay and het — which does clear up some fallacies about what is hiding under those sexy costumes.

Barbara Grier's **Lesbiana** (Naiad Press, Box 5025, Washington Stn., Reno, NV 89513, 390 pgs., $5.00), is a sturdy paperback reprint of six years of her chatty, encyclopaedic book notes from **The Ladder.** Takes up where Jeanette Foster left off. Indispensable for gay literature buffs — female or male.

William Parker's fine 1971 bibliography of books, articles, films, etc. on homosexuality is brought up to date by the same publisher in **Homosexuality Bibliography: Supplement, 1970-1975.** (Scarecrow Press, 52 Liberty St., Box 656, Metuchen, NJ 08840, 343 pgs., $12.50). Very painstaking and thorough (I'm of course quite piqued that of over 100 feature articles I wrote in that time, only six were found worthy). In the case of films and TV programs at least, some annotation would have helped.

The Homosexual Information Center, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., 210, Hollywood 90028, has dropped most of the bitchy bias from their 1977 **Directory of Homosexual Organizations and Publications.** $3. Over 300 listings. **Contact,** a larger annotated list of Southern California groups, is free from Pat Rocco (send mailing costs), Box 1414, Hollywood 90028. Many typos.

Parker Rossman's **Pirate Slave** (Thomas Nelson, 148 pgs., $6.95), is a juvenile adventure dangling close to gayness. Based on a historic incident, it traces a 12-year-old Salem boy who goes to sea and is captured by Arab pirates. . . .

MUSIC

Advance publicity and reviews of his nitery act suggested that Larry Paulette was a performer out of the tradition of Garland, Streisand and Midler. Indeed, the glitter and raunch of the early club act which first brought him attention indicated that he was traveling a Midler-inspired course.

But *What Makes A Man* (Vanguard), his boldly gay-themed, massmarketed debut disk, reveals a dramatic baritone very much in the tradition of French boulevard singers like Trenet, Piaf, Brel and Aznavour. Vocally, he is most reminiscent, in sound, pitch and diction, to Mark Murphy, the jazz-wise perfectionist who got lost on the Capitol label in the early 60's.

Appropriately, the title song is a Charles Aznavour narrative which could well become an anthem to address the Anitas of the world, except for a rather dated final verse about sorry, unrequited gay love.

The other emotion-filled showpiece on the album is "Take Me Home With You" from the Earl Wilson Jr. - Phil Osterman musical *Let My People Come.* Paulette sang it for 470 performances Off-Broadway before joining the show's Paris company in 1975.

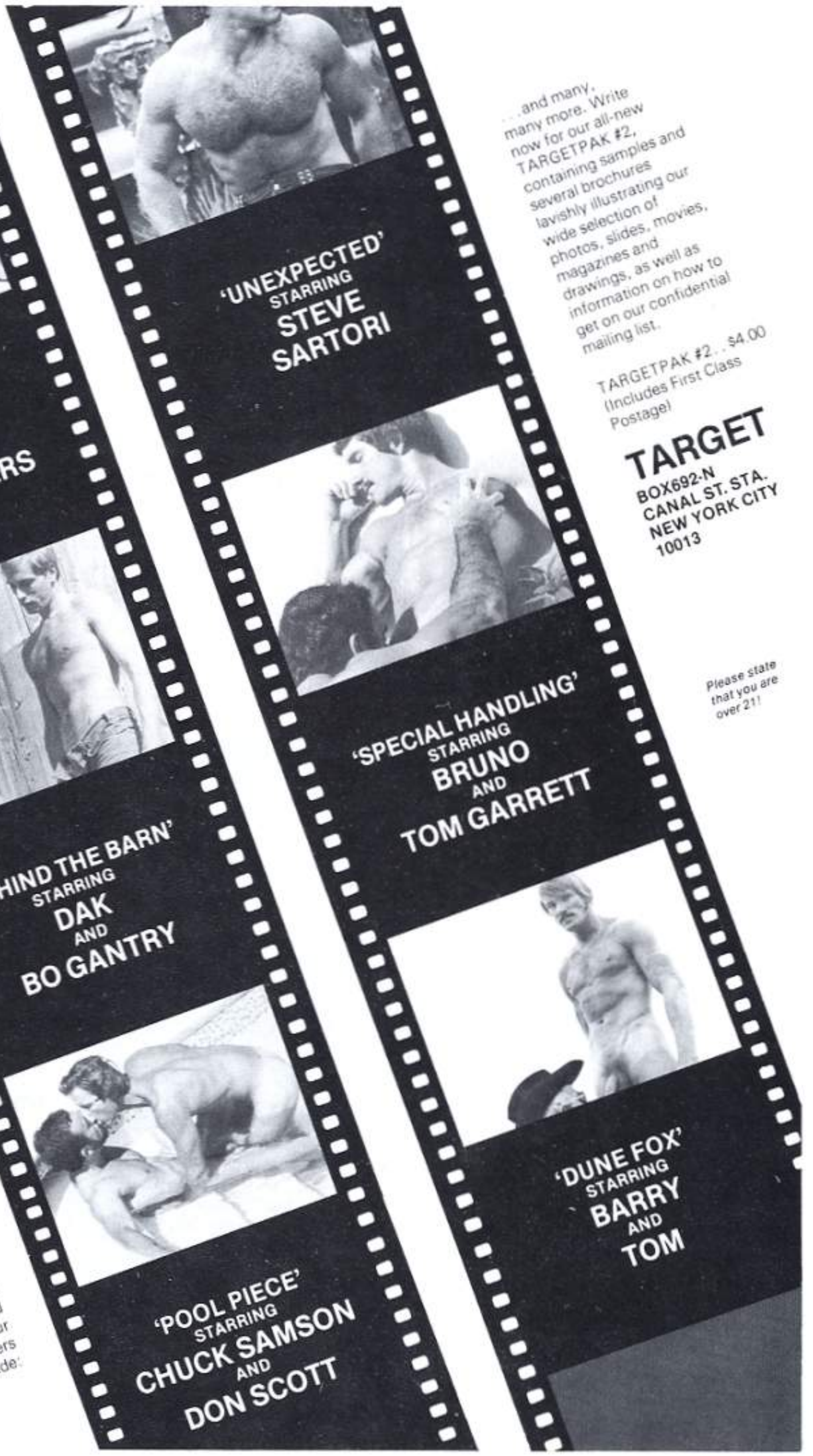
Some of the selections, like "Our Day Will Come" and "Silhouettes," take on fresh meaning in the context of the album. Others find a home where their message clearly emerges for the first time. In the latter group are David Crosby's "Triad" and "Deadalus" from the musical *Salvation* and dealing with man-to-man love.

The more camp turns include Paulette's reading Roz Russell's showstopper from *Wonderful Town,* "One Hundred Easy Ways To Lose A Man," Shel Silverstein's "Freaker's Ball," Jon Hendricks' "Gimme That Wine" and a leering version of "Rubber Duckie" that is no longer for kids.

This important album is just the beginning of what promises to be a strong career and possibly an invitation for more artists to step into the spotlight with content that is honestly and proudly rooted in their gay experience.

For the past three columns the Los Angeles-based quartet, Ambro-





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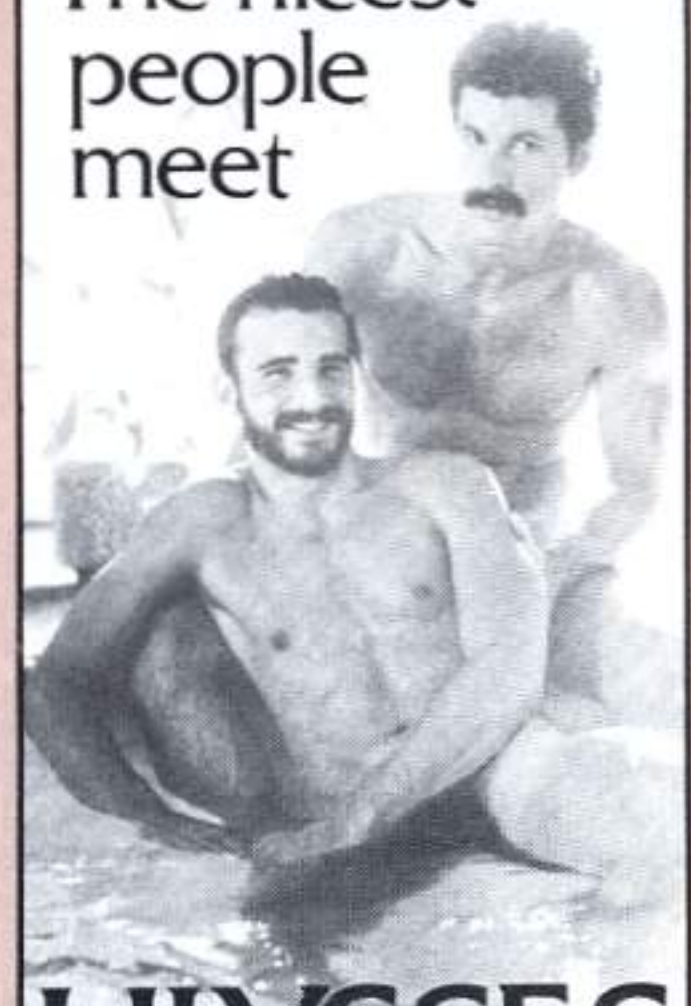
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sia, has fallen victim to space limitations. During that time, we have worn down their most recent album, *Somewhere I've Never Travelled* (20th) to a fine buff. It's a splendidly produced album which marks an advanced step in the group's fusion of pop/rock and classical symphonic music, ambitious and sumptuous in its orchestral richness. We particularly like "Cowboy Star" with its elegant Andrew Powell - arranged echoes of Aaron Copeland.

A new album by pretty Olivia Newton-John is hardly an event. Her sweet, wispy voice has been aggresively merchandised in an all-too-prolific series of albums whose vision and variety has been as narrow as an accountaint's eye for profit. Then, suddenly, on her new *Making A Good Thing Better* (MCA) album there comes a rivetingly adventurous performance of "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina" from the Webber-Rice opera *Evita*. It was recorded separately from the rest of the collection, in Vancouver, arranged and conducted by Peter Myers.

The rest of the album is hardly a match for this surprise — neither remarkably good nor bad, just all too familiar and spread too thin. Yet "Argentina" suggests dramatic abilities which Newton-John ought to direct toward performances in film before her managers and producers wear out her welcome.

Also disappointing is the long awaited *KiKi Dee* (Rocket) solo album, which seems to have fallen victim to the lost energies of those guest-ridden and jolly recording sessions which produce weak albums. Nowhere evident is the joyous humor which made her recording hits with Elton John such a delight. The best of the set is her own reflective ballad "Night Hours," illuminated by her own piano solo work.

RSO Records has a more sure winner with "Superstar" veteran Yvonne Elliman's deep felt *Love Me*, a knockout Freddie Perrin — produced celebration which includes the title and "Hello Stranger" hits.

Ian Whitcomb prevails as the king of ragtime camp and razzmatazz. His *Red Hot Blue Heaven* (Warner Brothers) is a Tin Pan Alley salute which includes such gems as 1925's "Masculine Women! Feminine Men," "My Girl's Pussy," and the Prohibition hit, "Bimini Bay," as well as the classic standard of the title. Whitcomb's liner notes are a treat in themselves and which were stocked away long before Whitcomb or his listeners came on the scene.

Never before has the range and disciplined magic of Bette Midler's live performances been captured as in *Live At Last* (Atlantic), which retains both the humor and music from the tour which began with her Los Angeles Music Center performmances and is now available via syndication through Home Box-office cable television stations. There isn't a performer around today who can soar from the gutter to eloquent Brechtian heights in a single number the way the deceptively Divine One can.

Roger Daltrey and co-producers David Courtney and Tony Meehan collaborated on "Satin and Lace," the best song in the *Tommy* star's new *One of The Boys* (MCA) album. It is essentially an artist's Declaration of Independence and as such has more in common with the truths evidenced on the Larry Paulette album than surfaces alone might suggest.

RCA's Red Seal series adds three vintage Broadway musical comedy cast albums for the OBC buff with Jule Styne's *Hazel Flagg*, Cole Porter's *Silk Stockings* and the delightful Leonard Sillman's *New Faces of 1952*. The only oddment in this admirable series is the Dinah Shore version of *Call Me Madam*, a corruption caused by label contracts of the period. Why give this cast-minus-Merman accommodation historical status?

Nine great contemporary guitarists contribute to an important two-record set surveying a history of the contemporary guitar. Produced by Leonard Feather, *Guitar Player* (MCA) features Laurindo Almeida, Irving Ashby, John Collins, Larry Coryell, Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, B.B. King, Joe Pass and Lee Ritenour, all newly recorded with optimum sound, from samba to funk, Sao Paolo to Ole Miss.

— Damon West

NIGHTLIFE

CHICAGO

Chicago's gays take to the outdoors during the summer, anxiously relieving their pent-up frustrations and urges from the arctic winter months. Activities center around the beaches, picnics, bicycling and beer gardens. As a result, there are less planned events, but more outrageous spontaneity.

Man's Country, Chicago's favor-

ite baths, plans opening their new long-awaited whirlpool in late summer. Located in the basement next to the carousel showers, the new tub replaces the old main floor whirlpool, recently reconstructed into a television room.

For those with levi-leather appetites, a small drinking establishment, the Redoubt, opened recently a few steps from the notorious Gold Coast.

Chicago's endless glamour boy competition climaxed with June's Mr. Windy City 1977 Contest. Held at the Sheraton Chicago Hotel, Kent Bell, 26, representing Indianapolis'



Photo by Rich Pier

Winners of Chicago's "Mr. Windy City 1977" Contest.

Hunt and Chase bar, received the top trophy. Broadway Limited's Glen Mansfield, 24, was named first runner-up while the Grapevine's Bob Breeding, 29, placed second runner-up.

First place prizes included $500 cash and a four-day all-expense paid vacation for two persons at Fort Lauderdale's Marlin Beach Hotel.

Thirty-six contestants, from 19-30 years old, represented Chicago gay businesses along with men from Aurora, Fox Valley, Joliet, Michigan, Milwaukee and, of course, Indianapolis.

The city's theater scene runs fairly dry during the summer, the only "highlights" being has-been television performers starring in obscure, insulting plays like *Natalie Needs a Nightie*.

At press time, Elizabeth Ashley continued with the indefinite run of *Vanities* at Water Tower's Drury Lane theater. Barbara Rush and Tom Troupe star in the Broadway hit, *Same Time Next Year*, playing an extended run at the Blackstone.

Legendary screen idol...tormented private man...



MONTY

A BIOGRAPHY OF MONTGOMERY CLIFT

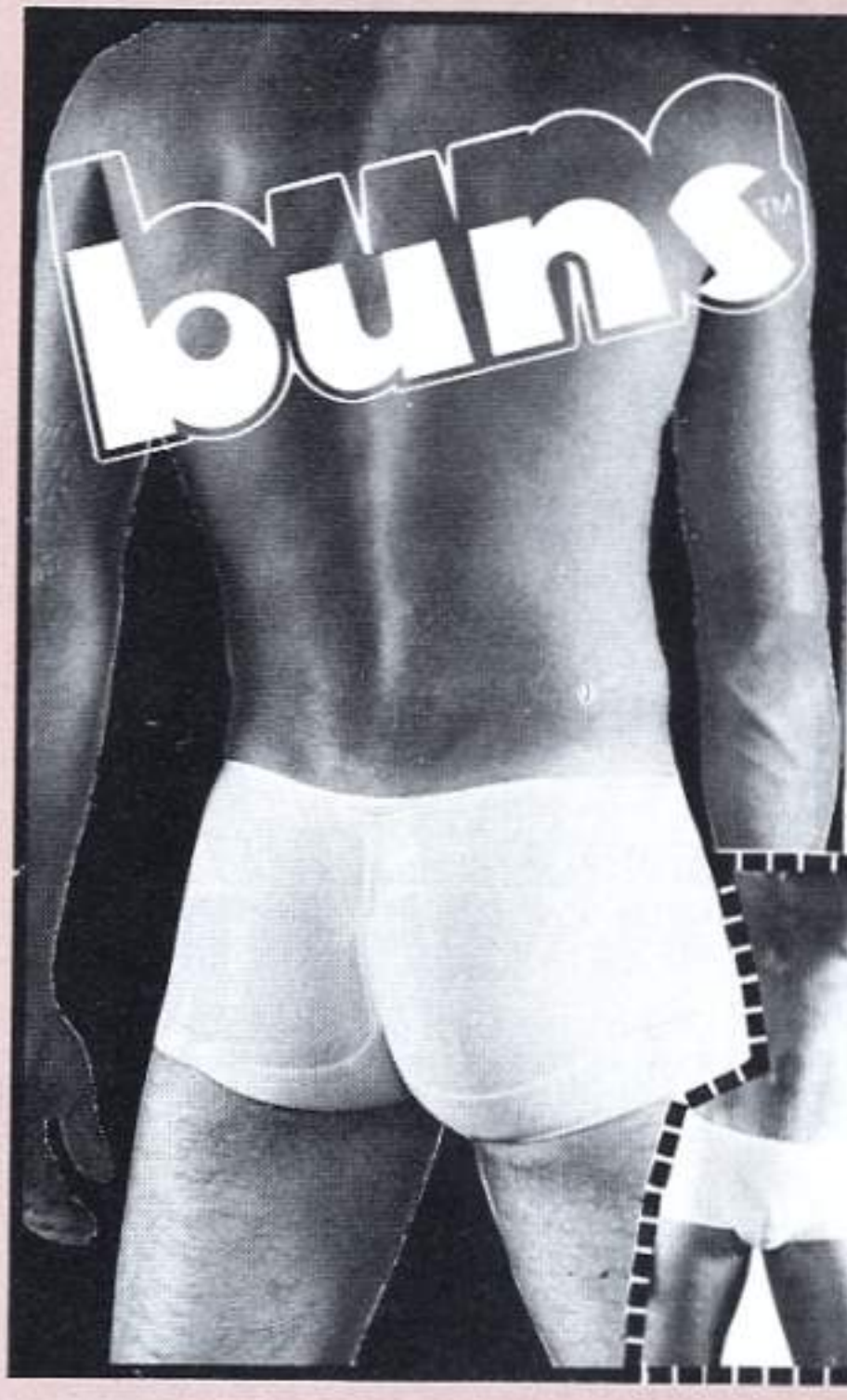
BY ROBERT LAGUARDIA

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One of the few highlights, however was director Martin Scorsese's *Shine it On* starring Liza Minnelli. The John Kander-Fred Ebb musical began its pre-Broadway tour here July 4.

— Bill Lumen

SAN FRANCISCO

Gets better looking every year. The City has been to the gym and is fit for all you visiting rascals. New shops, new bars, new restaurants, new discos make nice settings for new men.

It's not just muscles that are toned. Fresh ideas and fresh paint attract fresh faces. The new Victorians are sure of their sex. Spaced-out has given way to The Force of *Star Wars*. Gay freedom has brought gay pride. We are united as never before — gay men, gay women, gay consciousness abounds. The gay ghettos have begun to penetrate each other. Mayor Moscone has been kissed. Tender loving care pays off.

The old faded flower girl of the Haight is now the princess of the ball. Up and down the street it's all new or coming. Find your flesh at Bones. What was "oft thought but ne'r so well photographed" is there in the heat of the jungle. Prepare to sweat! The big boys dance here, and at the "I" Beam—the Folsom-gone-disco in the old Masonic Hall on Haight Street with construction decor brought to you by the Bolt.

It's buzzing over there—shops by day, shopping by night, The Haight has entered the seventies — don't leave her off your list.

Wake up, Market Street! Castro is moving your way. The traffic spins at that 16th Street intersection like the Place de la Concorde. Cafe society greets and meets at the Cafe Flore, and try their crepes, salads, sandwiches and soups; and for French dining or brunch, it's the Caracole, where the hands of Cocteau reach out of the walls, and you might discover a beauty or a beast.

The Cafe San Marcos does everything right, and the New York Deli does everything in a rush. It's a good spot to catch the bus or keep walking the Market. You've already been to Hot Flash, of course, their windows would make Dali stop and cut his moustache, but did you ride The Blue Swan for Art Nouveau furniture; a stop in at Robert Ruble & Associates to check out the latest in 18th Century furniture and oriental rugs; or speak with Dennis Galli-

on at his Peacock Garden (2343 Market) for a run down on the origins and developments of art and design from 1890-1939? Fine examples of each art period may be seen and "remember that gold and silver are not just valuable — design itself is valuable, even if it's tin." A moral?

Going down on tree-lined Market, as the U.N. fountain awaits puberty, stop in at the newly refurbished Orpheum Theater, featuring the lively Liza Minelli *Shining It On* in the new musical by Kandor and Ebb (thru Aug. 27) or catch up on quality films across the street at the Strand. Double features are two dollars with bingo and cash prizes.

The Civic Center will not be dull with the 55th Opera Season taking off on Sept. 9 with *Adriana Lecouvreur* (whoever she was — you can be sure tickets will be hard to get); and the Robert Rauschenberg Retrospective at the Museum of Modoern Art is not to be missed. It's his largest exhibition ever held!

Hungry in that ponderous part of town? Try Orantes (510 Larkin) for Continental cuisine, an easy walk from the Civic Center. Specials at $6.95, or try Steak Alexander, sauteed in oysters for $10.95.

Going to *A Chorus Line* at the Curran on Geary? They're back kicking until Sept. 10. Stop at Nero's for Pizza, veal piccata, and all sorts of imported beer. Tennessee Williams had 3 bottles of chianti there in one night! Also on Geary Street is the Rosebud, which has opened with a sensible menu and easy access to the stage.

People-watching on Polk Street may be done perceptively from double-decker Kimos across from Sukker's Likkers at Pine. Don't miss Julie Wilson's farewell Aug. 23 to Sept. 4 at nearby Mocambo Club.

New on Folsom is the Tattoo Lagoon across from the Club Baths on 8th and Howard with food, drinks, and disco. Dinner specials at $3.50.

The Leatherneck wants your body at Folsom and 11th, and you better be man enough to take or give it. They're looking for a few good men, but they're getting more. Large room with heavy breathing. Pink tile and several Minotaurs. Are you Marine enough? (And if you like a man in uniform, don't forget Gays and Cops play ball on Aug. 21!)

Attend the Castro Street Fair Aug. 14, and afterwards (or before) stop for a drink at Bear Hollow — Winnie-the-Pooh never had it so good.

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Outrageous kinky films at midnight may be had at the Roxie on 16th Street near Valencia. Their eclectic program includes political and art films you won't see anywhere else. New thought hangs out here for just $1.50.

Special thanks to the Gay Men's Theater Collective, who made an outstanding contribution to the gay community in their sensitive and enlightened production *Crimes Against Nature*, a play by faggots about survival. Playing to both straight and gay audiences in and out of the City to sell-out crowds with continual standing ovations, the group of ten men made our lives richer for their ensemble effort of over one year, since forming in the summer of 1976. The sense of shared reality conveyed as each of the ten men tells us how he survives as a faggot is riveting and unforgettable. This production has been videotaped, and will be made into a film. Watch for it and the Collective's next production. They have taken one giant step in provocative, compelling gay theater.

Daniel Curzon, author of classic gay novel, *Something You Do in the Dark*, made us all laugh with *Sex Show*, a group of 14 omnisexual skits. One, called *How Sin Affects the Weather* and dedicated to Miss Bryant, permits the destruction of Bakersfield and Fresno which emphasizes the ridiculous notion that sodomy caused the downfall of a city, or that gay behavior in San Francisco encourages drought. Quite the contrary! You'll find your trip to the City bountiful and blessed.

— Dan Turner

NEW YORK

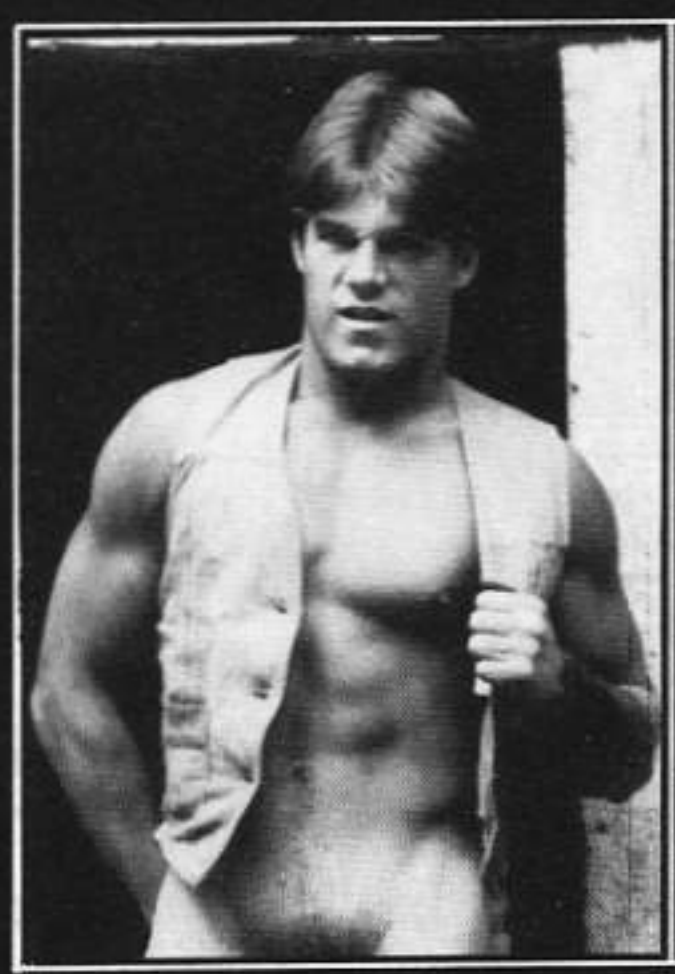
Here in the Land of the Midnight Cowboy, you might say the summer heat is defintely on, from pulsating waterfront discos to intensified political efforts to put Bella into Gracie Mansion. With Bella for Mayor, many feel the psychological defeat in Dade County will be somewhat eased. Still the dancing goes on, from 12 West to Les Mouches, from Martha Graham to Twyla Tharp. Despite political setbacks, gay New York keeps a fast pace.

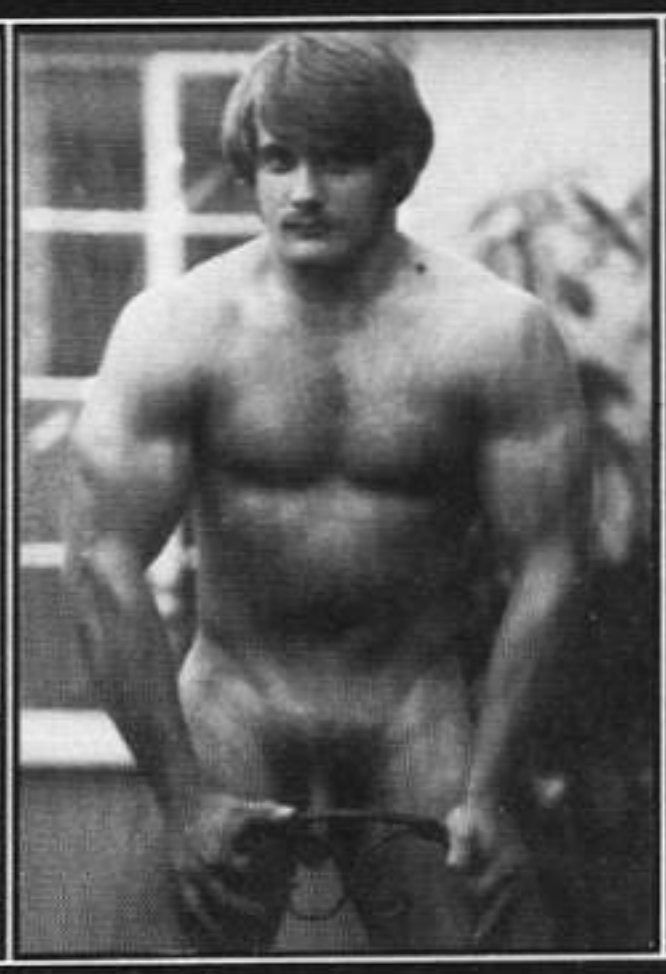
A sport to follow these days — actually not new — is baseball among the bars. Divided into Southern (Village) and Northern (West Side) leagues, underground bartenders are fast becoming diamond studs over at Jimmy Walker Field. Dyke bars are also joining in. Ramrod Bar is clearly tops, with olive green army pants over Nickel Bar's orange and black togs. And the player of the week goes to Ramrod's Bruce for his outstanding fielding, team spirit and timely hits. You get the message...Winners play San Francisco in the fall.

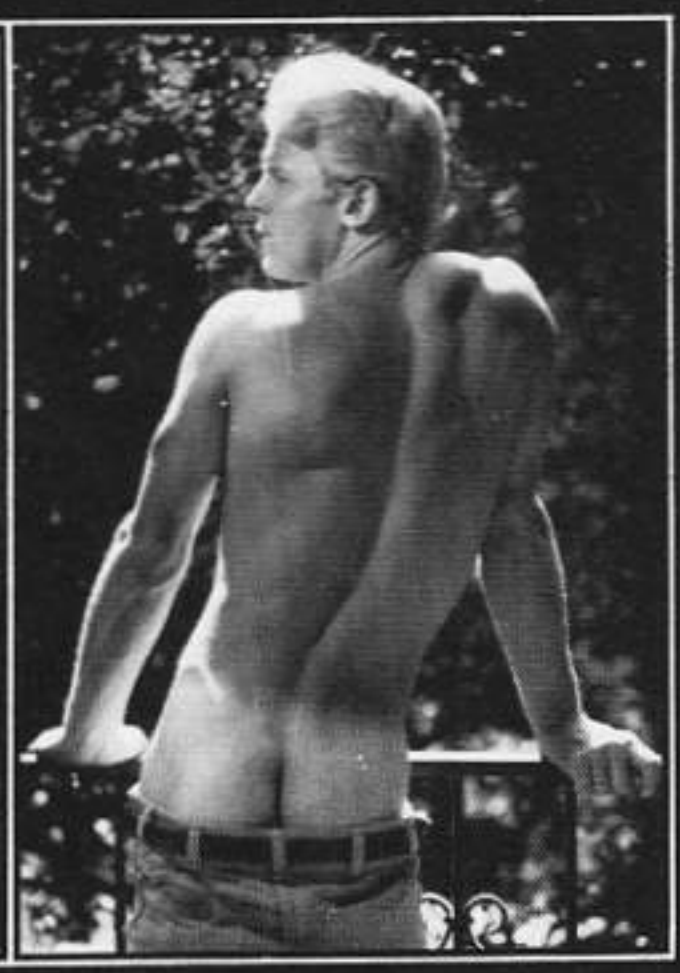
It's nice to know that the bars are more than just a hit and run affair. When the celebrated Everard Baths burned, the bars were the quickest news agency for the blood relief program....And the bars knew about the Dade County defeat hours before *The Times*. Along with those backrooms and their penny arcades,there is an increased community involvement. And that includes baseball!

Anita seems to have thrown a lot of people's plans into confusion. Clearly, we are to into a heavy period of consciousness-raising before the summer is out. Two theatrical events seem definite: Glines Theater will answer *Why Are Mayor Beame's Legs So Short?* (presumably there's a gay reason) and Doric Wilson plans a more serious probe into *The West Street Gang*, about the gay vigilantes of last season's SMASH campaign.

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On a lighter side, discos are an exciting phenomenon here in fair Gotham. This year's answer to Gloria Gaynor is Grace Jones, whose "Taste of Grace" at Les Mouches was a highlight of the recent scene. Belting out "I Need A Man," she was carried by slaves around the disco floor on a lame litter, dressed as a scarlet Nefertiti. Grace well deserves to be this year's queen, indeed. Studio 54 had some liquor license hassles, but it's open now, an old movie house transformed into a wonderful disco parlor. Lighting effects by Jules Fisher include descending shafts of airport signals and plastic snow.

As for Cabaret, Mark Allen Trujillo's Copa engagement was a sell-out from the start. This hot Californian has more Mexican blood in him than seems controllabable. Even Peggie Lee has an eyelash out for his material. And heaven knows what Barry Manilow has in mind. . . . Meanwhile over at La Vie En Rose, Brian Peterson is a more continental kind of guy to sing "Just A Gigolo" and in his cabaret show, "Pouff." Suddenly he appears in rhinestones and swings over your head in one of the most voluptuous butterfly numbers this side of the Folies Bergeres. Dolly

(continued on page 56)

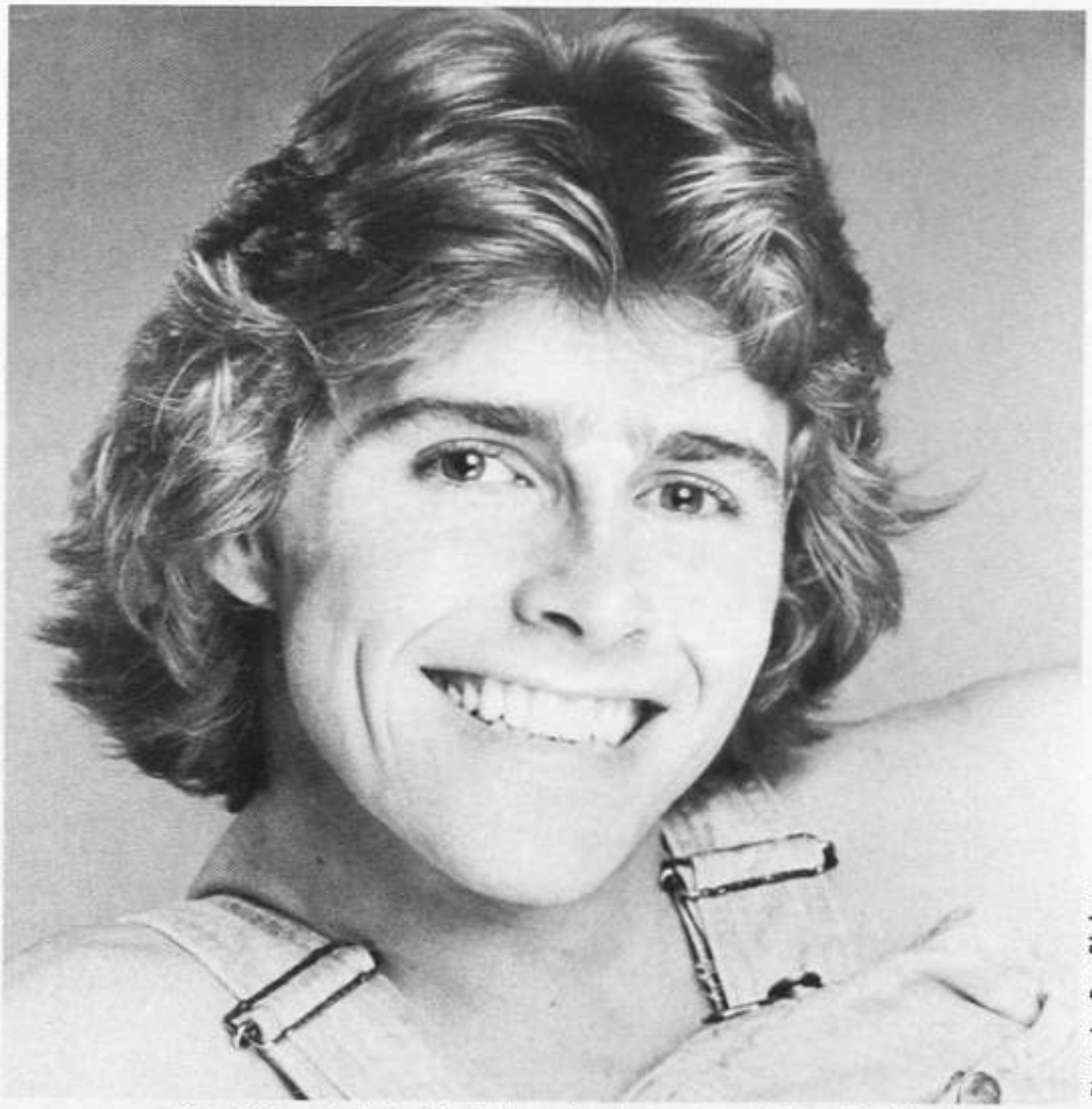
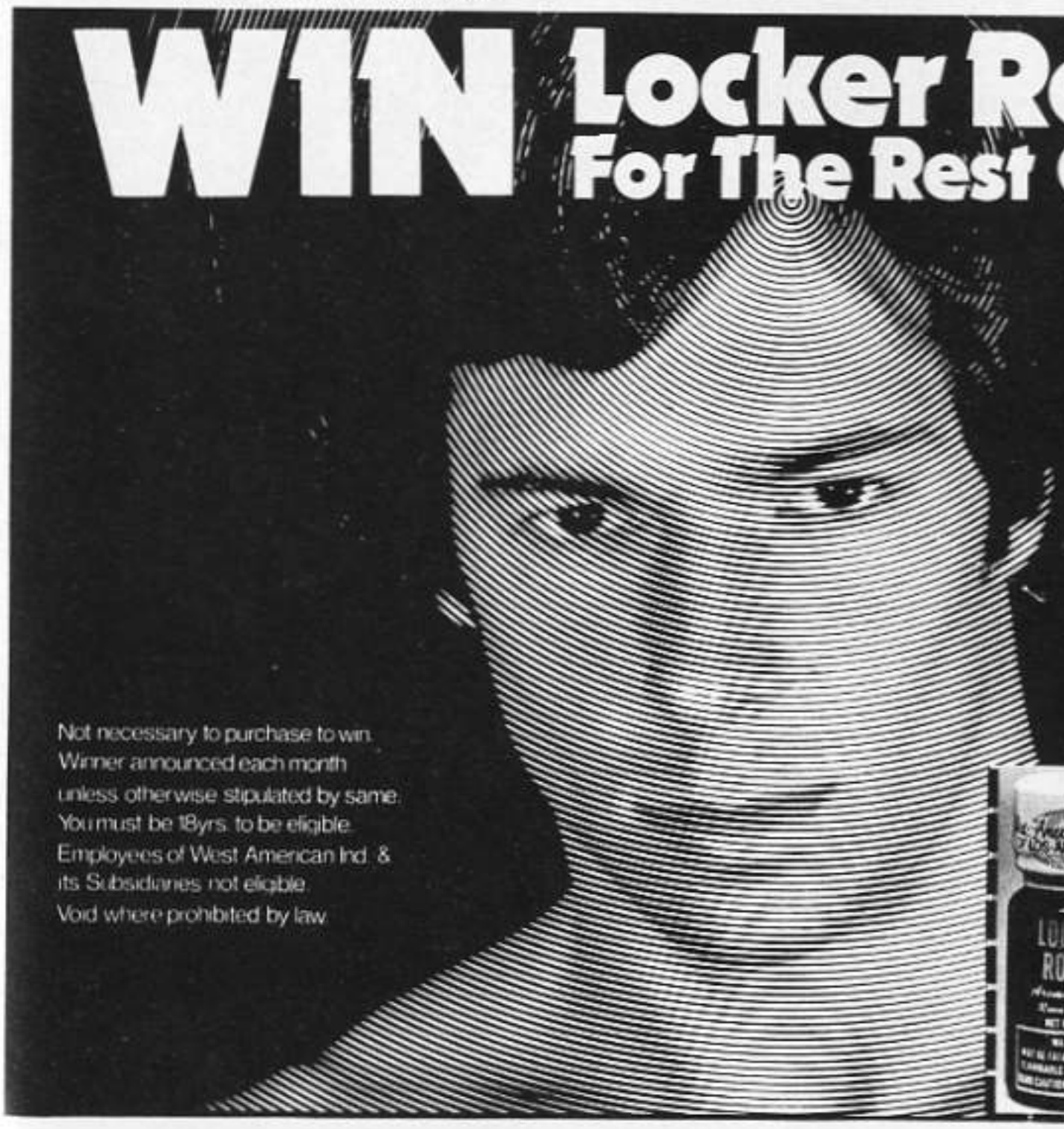


Photo by Roy Blakey

Brian Petersen is featured in La Vie en Rose's current production of **Pouff.**

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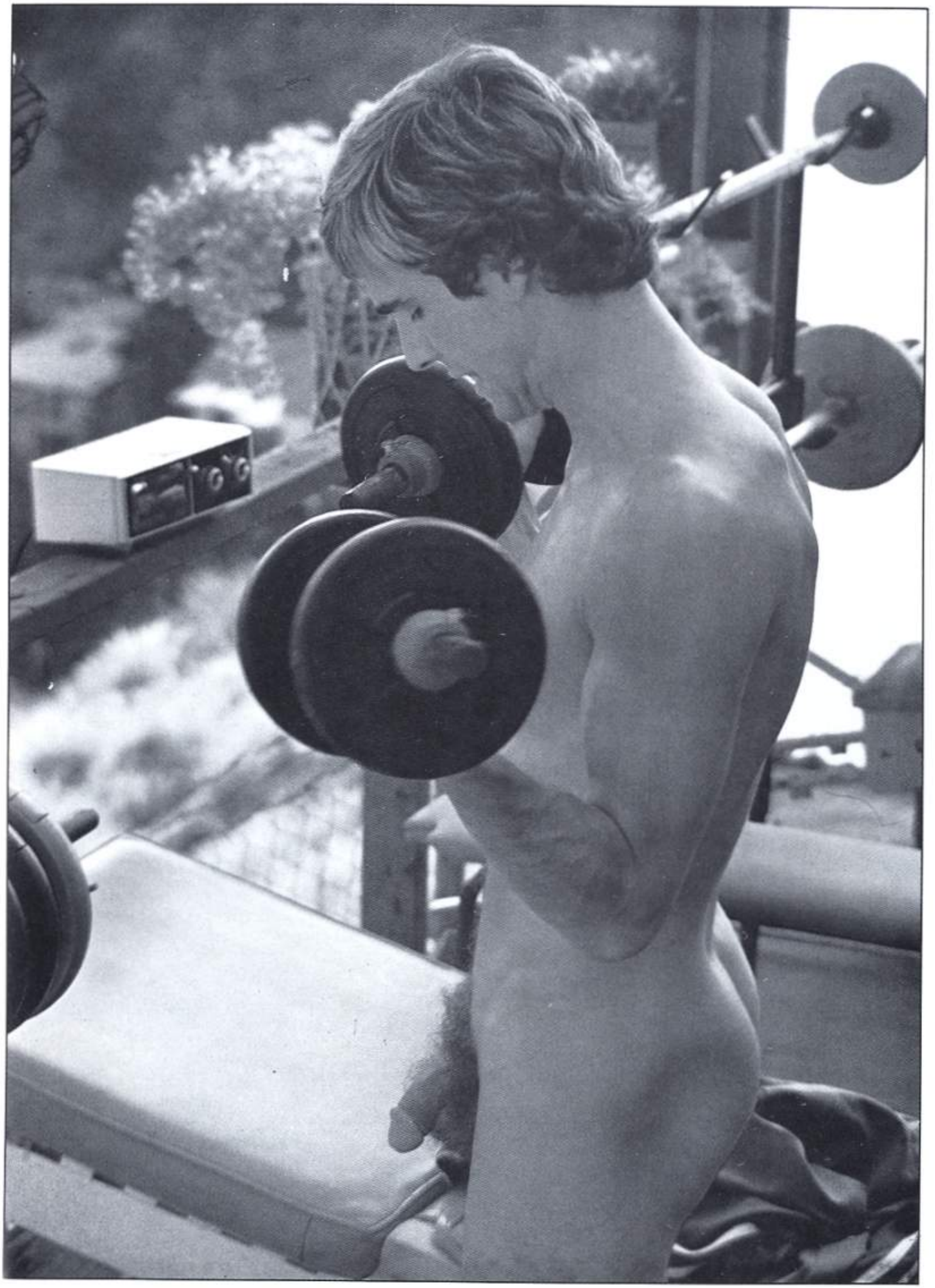
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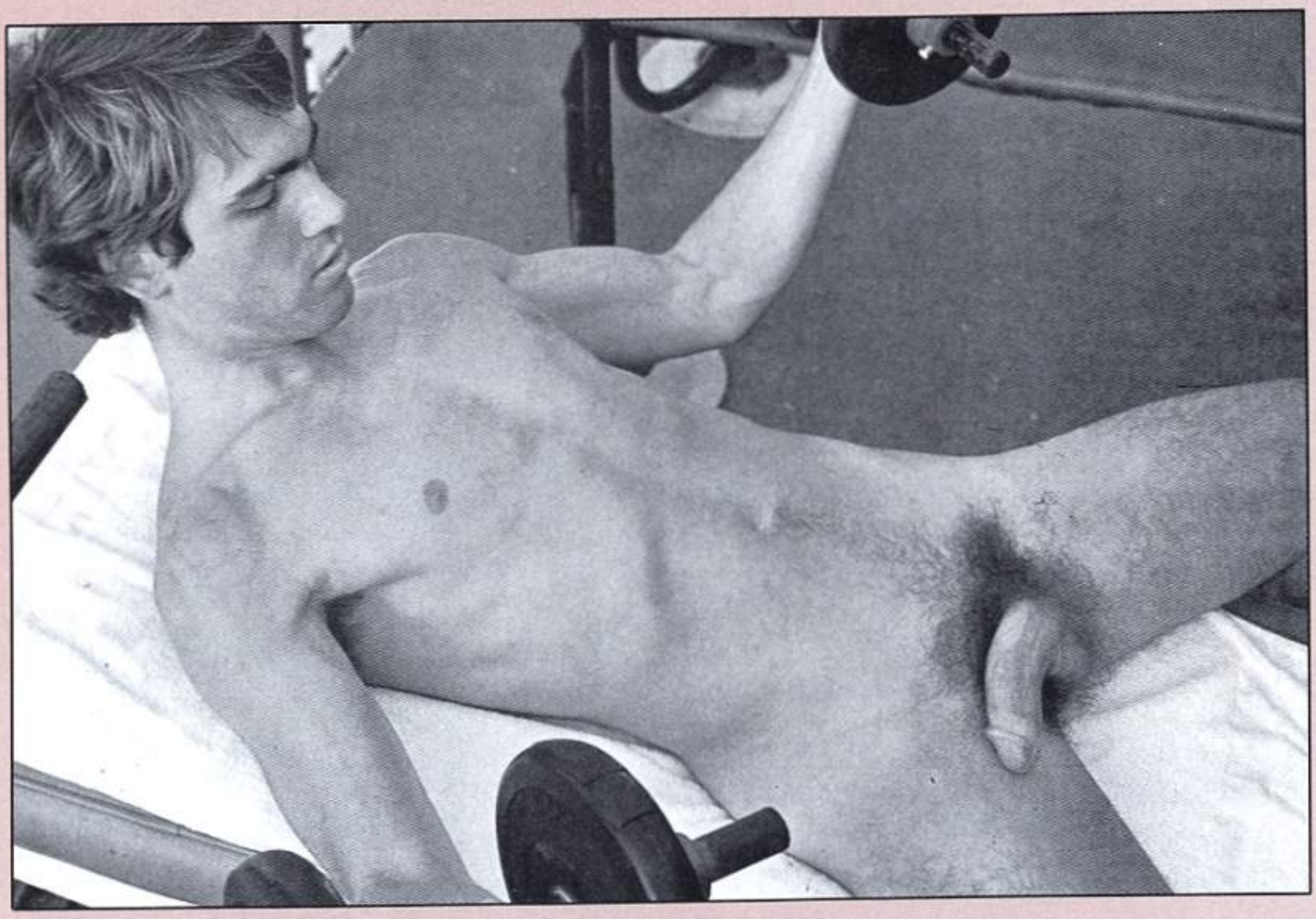
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Ron Thorne is the kind of all-American boy Marine Corps recruitment posters are made of. An all-around athlete more interested in sports than in competing, Ron likes active people. He has a sound sense of reality, putting as much of himself as he can into every experience. Ron is a gymnast, loves swimming, jogging, and weight lifting. For someone only 21 years old, Ron's gone far—and is going farther.







a Gay Guide to Erotic

AMSTERDAM

by John D. Stamford

Spartacus Guide Editor John D. Stamford, an Englishman exiled to the Gay Capital of Europe, looks at the gay scene of Amsterdam.

For many thousands of American gays every year, Schipol Airport, Amsterdam, is the first stop in Europe—the beginning of an adventure of sightseeing, people, sex, and all the other things which help make a vacation an experience. So let's start with the basic advice from getting off the plane to arriving at your hotel.

First you need some Dutch money — guilders. One US Dollar is worth about 2.50 guilders, give or take a cent or two. One guilder is about 40 US cents. There are 100 dutch cents in guilder. You'll get a slightly better exchange rate for travelers checks than you do for cash, and there is a flat rate charge per transaction, so it pays to change enough for several days and keep it in the hotel safe. There are banks at the airport in the "arrivals" hall. Next, a note of caution—the Dutch authorities have stepped up the fight against narcotics, and may search you and your luggage as you leave the airport. If you use narcotics, do not carry them with you. It's always wise, if you have drugs prescribed by your doctor, to carry a note from him to verify this, just in case.

Formalities over, money changed, now to get to town. The airport is quite a way from the city centre and the cheapest and simplest way is to take the KLM bus from the airport to the Central Station (cost: less than $2 one way), then walk through the tunnel under the station to the front side, where you'll find taxis, buses, streetcars, and a VVV information office, which can also handle hotel bookings if you don't have a reservation. A useful leaflet is available telling you how to use the trams, buy tickets, etc.

You can also rent a car at the airport, from a variety of big international companies — the cheapest being Budget Rent-A-Car, whose prices start at 350 guilders a week for a small car like Peugot 104GL or Toyota 1000, and go to 910 guilders a week for a luxurious Mercedes 230 Automatic. Reservations can be made before you leave home via Computer-Rez (toll-free number 800-228-9650). You can take their cars through Europe, and over many years we've found them to be reliable and economical. If you want to tour Europe and don't drive, or don't want to, you can buy a Euro-Rail pass in the USA which entitles you to unlimited travel on all European railways, and some lake steamers, cable cars, etc., too. This is a fantastic bargain and much favored by seasoned travelers. Trains across Europe are packed with Americans all summer, each traveling on a Eurorail pass.

So we got you to the Central Station. Before you leave, go to the kiosk and buy a Falk-plan, which is a city map, the best there is, and which is important as it's easy to get lost in central Amsterdam. There are two other items to buy, but you may have to wait until you reach your hotel for these: the latest Spartacus Guide, which is your Bible anywhere outside of the USA — and which is especially good on Europe — and a Man-to-Man city map, showing all the gay bars, clubs and other establishments. With these three, you can find everything easily and get the best out of your time in Amsterdam. If you're interested in architecture, and in knowing more about the places you see on sightseeing tours, you could get a big hard-bound souvenir book called *The Glories of Amsterdam* — text in English and color pictures on every page — a nice coffee-table book to take home. On city maps — the Spartacus Guide also contains a map of the gay spots, but because of its limited size it is not so easy to read as the new colored, big MTM map, which is on sale in most gay hotels and also at the Bronx Gay sex-shop and cinema, Kerkstraat 53.

It is very helpful to have the Spartacus Guide some months ahead of your trip, so that you can use it for hotel selection, and also for planning your onwards tour through other parts of Europe. It can be ordered by airmail, and takes less than two weeks to reach you from the day you mail your order. Send $15 cash by registered airmail to Spartacus, P.O. Box 3496, Amsterdam, and ask for a Gay Guide. When you get it, read carefully the list of hotels, study the city map, and decide which hotel will be best for you. Send a deposit of $20 cash by registered post and clearly state date and time of arrival and departure. Ask them to send a receipt and confirmation. The hotels listed in Spartacus with star-ratings are all honest, reliable, and recommended. During the summer tourist season, and important holiday weekends like Christmas, a reservation is essential.

For getting about Amsterdam there are several things you should know. First, taxis aren't always easy to find — especially when it's raining. The natives ride bicycles — and you can rent one just outside the Central Station, by the day, for use within the city. As Amsterdam is flat, and has special cycle parks, cycle tracks, etc., it is a pleasant way of getting around —

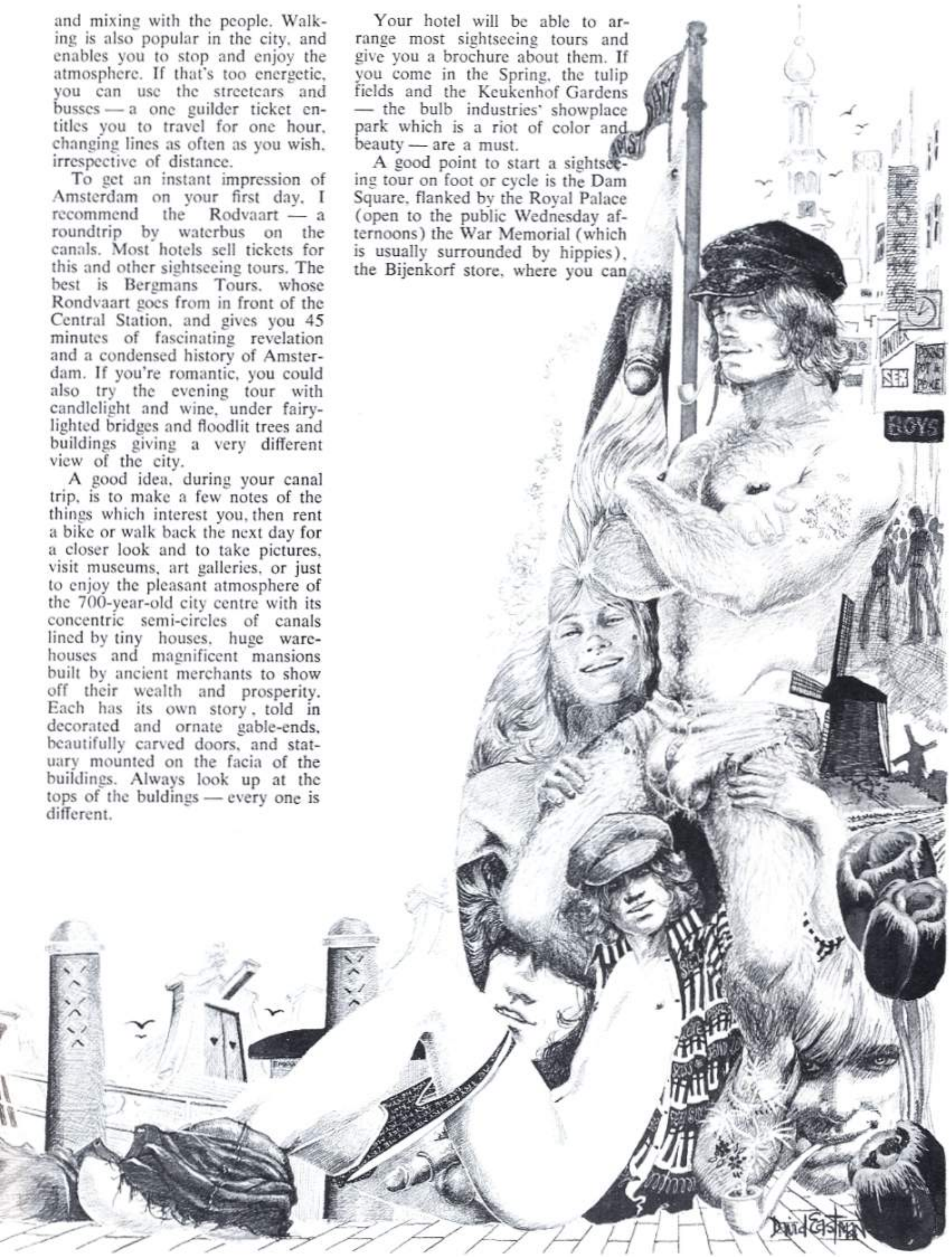
and mixing with the people. Walking is also popular in the city, and enables you to stop and enjoy the atmosphere. If that's too energetic, you can use the streetcars and busses — a one guilder ticket entitles you to travel for one hour, changing lines as often as you wish, irrespective of distance.

To get an instant impression of Amsterdam on your first day, I recommend the Rodvaart — a roundtrip by waterbus on the canals. Most hotels sell tickets for this and other sightseeing tours. The best is Bergmans Tours, whose Rondvaart goes from in front of the Central Station, and gives you 45 minutes of fascinating revelation and a condensed history of Amsterdam. If you're romantic, you could also try the evening tour with candlelight and wine, under fairy-lighted bridges and floodlit trees and buildings giving a very different view of the city.

A good idea, during your canal trip, is to make a few notes of the things which interest you, then rent a bike or walk back the next day for a closer look and to take pictures, visit museums, art galleries, or just to enjoy the pleasant atmosphere of the 700-year-old city centre with its concentric semi-circles of canals lined by tiny houses, huge warehouses and magnificent mansions built by ancient merchants to show off their wealth and prosperity. Each has its own story, told in decorated and ornate gable-ends, beautifully carved doors, and statuary mounted on the facia of the buildings. Always look up at the tops of the buldings — every one is different.

Your hotel will be able to arrange most sightseeing tours and give you a brochure about them. If you come in the Spring, the tulip fields and the Keukenhof Gardens — the bulb industries' showplace park which is a riot of color and beauty — are a must.

A good point to start a sightseeing tour on foot or cycle is the Dam Square, flanked by the Royal Palace (open to the public Wednesday afternoons) the War Memorial (which is usually surrounded by hippies), the Bijenkorf store, where you can



find good quality goods at high prices, and a VVV tourist information office just around the corner in the Rokin. Ten minuets' easy walk from the Dam Square is the Westerkerk, with its fine tower topped by a brilliant huge replica of the crown of a Russian Czar ! Around the corner from this church, at Prinsengracht 263, you will find the Anne Frank Huis — the house where this little girl and her family hid in secret rooms during the Nazi occupation to escape the persecution of the Jews. It was there that her famous diary was written, and can be seen. The house is now an exhibition with many photographs of the Nazi occupation and a Foundation working for world peace. The exhibition is a very moving experience.

For those who enjoy museums, the most important are the Rijks Museum, which houses *The Night Watch* and other Rembrandt works, and is the National Museum, and the Van Gogh museum, where you can also try your hand at painting a masterpiece.

A good way of feeling the atmosphere of any city is to mix with its citizens as they go about their daily lives — and what better place than the markets? The two most interesting are the Waterlooplein flea market, where many a good bargain can be found by those with an eye for antiques and curios. It recently moved to a new site just around the corner. If you have been there before, just go to the old site, and keep walking past the Moses and Aaron church — you'll see the new side. The other market is the Albert Waterlooplein market at the other Cuypstraat — a mile-long street market with fruit, vegetables, flowers, clothes, furniture, textiles, poultry, fish, game, and all the color, life, and bustle of a typical Dutch street market. It's open Monday to Saturday. Both of these markets can be quite cruisy — just keep your eyes open.

As in all of Amsterdam, beware of pickpockets, bag-snatchers and muggers. These evil people prey on tourists and are increasing in numbers every year. Especially be on your guard in the Rembrandsplein and the Central Station, where it's dangerous to cruise because the boys who go to these two places are usually banned from bars and clubs, or have disease, or are dangerous criminals. Murder, robbery with violence, and pickpocketing are commonplace amongst these hustlers.

Good cruising spots, reasonably safe, are the Vondel-park (pronounced 'fondle-park' !) and the Queen Juliana Park. I wouldn't like to go there at night, but by day it's reasonably safe in both places. In the summer months when weather is fine, you could take the train to Zandvoort in the morning and spend a day on the beach by the North Sea. From the station go to the beach, then turn left and walk along the shore to the last beach cafe (Zeezicht) which is semi-gay and has a sunbathing terrace. Further along, past the Zeezicht, is an official and clearly signed nudist area, for family use, and if you have the energy for a two-mile walk along the beach you can eventually find a gay area where the action is wild. Sun, sea, sand, and sex in abundance, but it's a long arduous walk.

As well as Rent-a-car, Rentabike, we also have Rentaboy. There are three important establishments, all of which advertise in Spartacus and have therefore been tried and tested (all in a day's work) and are recommended. Ted Jacobs at Den Haag (The Hague) has been established for many years and has a house with boys, but does not send them out to hotels. Also at The



Photo courtesy Frontrunner Tours & Travel

By night, Amsterdam's lighted bridges create a fairyland atmosphere.

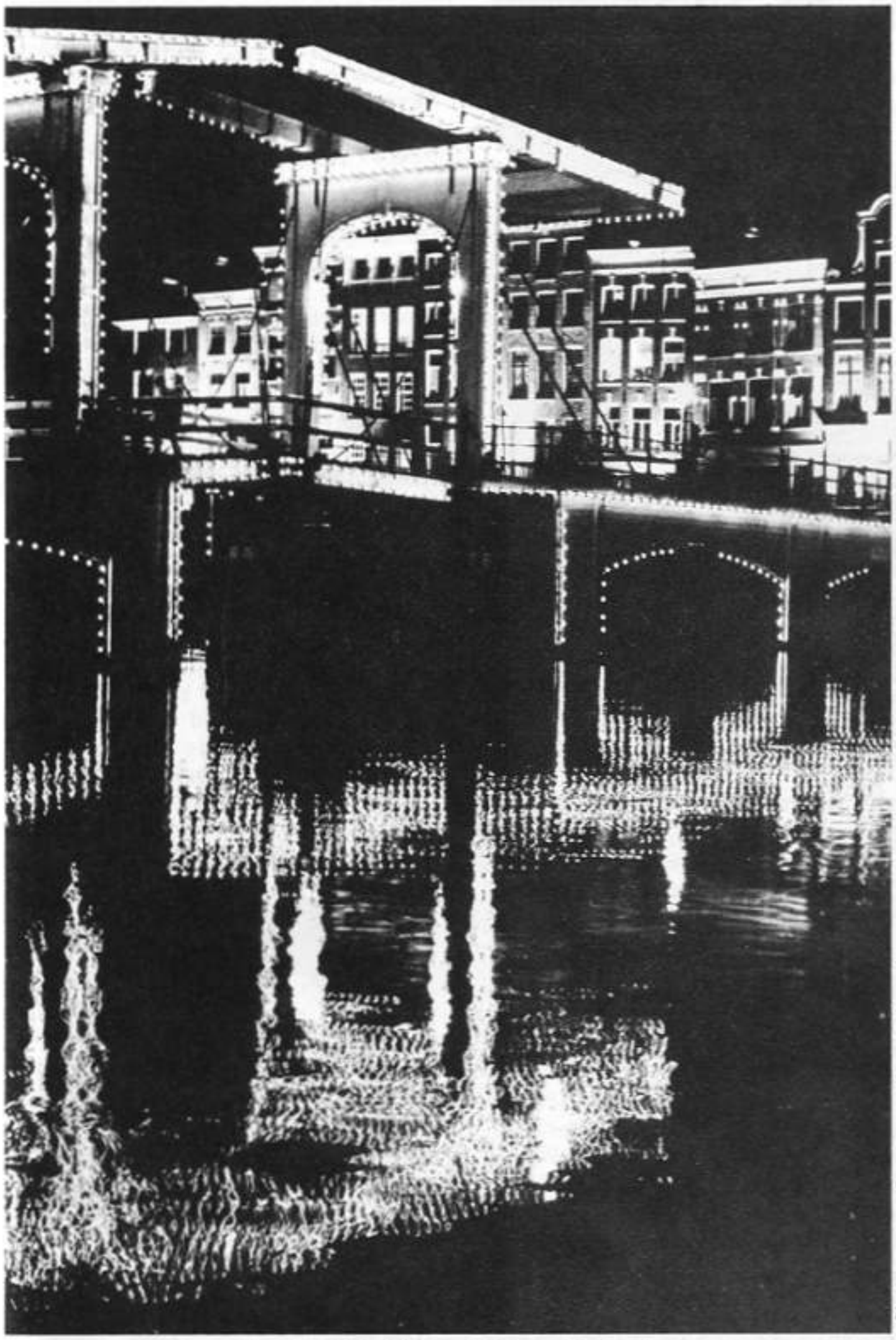


Photo courtesy Frontrunner Tours & Travel

The famous War Memorial is still a popular hangout for American expatriates

Hague is Rent-a-boy, run by Johan Van der Veer. His address is Post Box 3172, Den Haag, Holland, telephone (070) 63 44 47. He sends boys out all over Europe and has a big service. The biggest, based in Amsterdam, has a house which you can visit, and also sends boys out, and is called Male Escort Service. (tel. 020 - 86 00 47). Prices start from 150 guilders for a short time, and special prices are available and negotiable if you want to take a boy for a few days or weeks touring through Europe with you. All these services named here are selective, their boys are clean, honest, and reliable, and you need have no fears. The Spartacus recommendation is very important to them, and to err would be to lose it. There are many other call-boys and services, but some of these are dangerous and unscrupulous. Call-boys in Holland are usually between 18 and 25 years old.

The big sex-scene in Amsterdam is the saunas. The most important two are the Thermos saunas. They have a day sauna at Raamstraat 33 and a night sauna at Kerkstraat 58. The day sauna is big, brash, and a continuous orgy of about 400 men. They have a small restaurant and swimpool in the building, and in summer, nude sunning on the roof. The night sauna is smaller, but well designed and adequate, with a bar and snacks, and cubicles for 'resting'. In both of these there is no kind of descrimination against age or color — everyone is welcome as long as they're gay. There's another sauna more for older gays, called Sauna Maderne, at Jacob van Lennepstraat 311.

The Spartacus Guide lists 31 bars and clubs in Amsterdam, and these are adequately described in the Guide, complete with star ratings. The favorites for dancing are the world-famous DOK club, and the VIKING. Both stay open to 4 or 5 a.m. and the DOK requires you to buy a six-month membership card (6 guilders) — to obtain it you must take your passport. For safety, go at 10 p.m. when they open and get your card, then return your passport to the safety of your hotel, and use only the card for future admission. If you prefer a mixed atmosphere you could try the Homo-Lulu which is run by two gay women, and is mixed male and female gays and a few straights. You can eat quite well there and prices are reasonable. For a bar to chat with friends at, the Queens Head, Beulingstraat 19 is very nice, and they, too, have a restaurant and also a small hotel. This place is a great favorite because of its friendly atmosphere and excellent service.

In the daytime, the Downtown Coffee Shop near the Flower Market is a popular gay rendezvous where you can meet (or make) friends or just sit and watch the world go by as you enjoy their home-made apple-pie and delicious coffee. It has a friendly, relaxed atmosphere and has been popular for many years.

There are seven gay or semi-gay restaurants offering a price range from economy to chic-expensive. Honeds (which is not gay) in the Kerkstraat is convenient to many many gay bars, offers typical Dutch fare at very low prices. Also in the Kerkstraat is the expensive but superb Aero Restaurant (with hotel

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It was a dull Saturday night at the bar. I stood leaning against the disc jockey's booth, trying to remember the do's and don'ts of "Body Language," when a middle-aged leisure-suit-wearer named Alvin approached me.

Alvin, it seems, hailed from a midwestern college, where he was head of some department or other. In the dim lights — made even dimmer by my intoxicated state of mind — he seemed boyishly appealing with his thick, curling hair falling across his forehead. His glasses reminded me of a kinky Clark Kent.

As the evening progressed, I couldn't help noticing that Alvin was involved in some sort of infatuation process. In fact, he later professed love for me right there in his skimpy little motel room!

But I left him the following morning with — so far as I was concerned — a realistic notion of never seeing him again. Besides, I thought as I drove away, he wears entrely too much hairspray!

By Monday afternoon, however, the bombardment began. First came these telephone calls from someone with a sensitive, urbane voice, spouting lowkeyed protestations of love. And I would be a liar if I didn't say I loved it.

In retrospect, I loved the *concept* of romantic love. Maybe I had seen too many movies.

Within a few days, six-packs of 90 minute casettes began to arrive, all the way from his mid-western collegiate office. These were even better than his ego-boosting phone calls.

But I was blithely immune that first week. Then, during the following weekend, things really get heavy. Alvin had received my two-paged, demure letter which gave a slightly edited synopsis of my life up to that point.

On the basis of those two pages, Alvin declared that I was wasting my life working in the area of corporate journalism.

"You should become a Pulitzer Prize winning novelist," he insisted.

Now this amounts to the flattery of all flattery for an aspiring writer. And this mellow-sounding individual really began to win my confidence and trust, if not my heart.

Being a Leo, I seldom do things half-way and found myself jumping into this thing whole hog. On Sunday his long-distance invitation came: that I should live happily ever after with him, writing my little heart out. This was my big chance, I reasoned, and jumped at the opportunity.

It was agreed we would meet the following weekend to discuss the details. I was urged to go on and give my two-weeks notice, which I did eagerly.

Friday finally came and I scurried towards the mountain of Gatlinburg, where I was to meet my intended. After a blistering five hour drive, I was there, pulling up to his rented Chalet. I knocked at the door, entered and found a stranger standing in front of the bathroom mirror, shaving with an electric razor (surprisingly like the one my long-deceased Grandfather had used).

The "stranger" turned out to be Alvin. I had just never seen him in flourescent lighting before. And my romantic imagination never considered things like flourescent lights.

Maybe I *had* seen too many movies. This wasn't *Gone with the Wind*. This wasn't *Streetcar Named Desire*. This was reality. And where were those wonderful fictional characters in my hour of need?

Alvin sure sounded a lot better than he looked.

His face was entirely too long.



Blanche, Scarlett, & Me

by Len Farmer

His nose was like a great hook — the kind they might use for catching sharks or dolphins. And in that revealing light. I witnessed the remnants of a very serious acne problem which had spanned three decades.

"You look surprised to see me, love," he said in a piercingly effeminant, hillbilly accented voice.

At this precise moment, I first realized the true meaning of "As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil . . . " Intuitively, I knew I had really pulled one. But I outwardly translated that overwhelming emotion into one of poker-faced shyness and timidity.

"That's funny," I said, not laughing, "your accent sounded different on the phone."

"Oh, that's my classroom accent," he replied cooly. I wanted to strangle him right then and there, but couldn't think of a socially acceptable means of getting away with it.

"Well, your hair looks nice." I lied. It was longer than I had remembered and windswept — sort of a male Farah Fawcett-Majors.

"We'll talk about that later," was his instant icy reply.

I looked and suddenly saw beneath that swooshing, teased mass, a hair net, the kind used prolifically in dynel stretch wigs.

I was devastated. But there was no turning back. I had acted rashly and made a bad decision. But I had to carry it through. Or try to carry it through. . .somehow.

Suddenly, I envisioned myself as a male Scarlett O'Hara, determined to fight for. . .for what? Surely it wasn't money. Alvin's pay was nothing spectacular. Then I remembered something else.

My career.

A chill passed up my spine. The theme from *Gone with the Wind* swelled through my head. My eyes must have glimmered for a moment. Naturally, I knew this was only a weak illusion but it did sustain me for the time being, anyway.

We spent a dismal, dull weekend, capped off by his "unveiling" on Saturday night following a well-needed bath.

He strolled out of the bathroom, awkwardly across the room. His fleshy waist jiggled about like so much Jello. And he looked completely, irreparably different. That wig had been thicker than I had dared realize. It camoflauged at least a third of his face! Alvin had a forehead that just wouldn't quit.

Now, I have nothing against people with receding hairlines. It happens in the best of families. But for Alvin to wear that wig was like a sparrow going in drag as a peacock! It wasn't *fair!*

Meanwhile, back at the Chalet, I was getting desperate.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to jump off the weathering wood balcony. I wanted to do something — anything — constructive in this dismal situation.

I took a long, hot bath. Had drinks. Popped tranquilizers. But nothing seemed to help my growing feeling of hoplessness in the situation. My identification with Scarlett gradually began to fade. Suddenly, it wasn't Scarlett at all. It was still Vivien Leigh, but this time she was Blanche DuBois — trusting but betrayed innocent at heart; a victim of bad luck and rotten timing.

I left Gatlinburg early Sunday morning — with the understanding that Alvin would come down in two weeks to carry me off into the wilds of the midwest.

As I swerved up and down the Applachian pass,I fully began to comprehend my predicament. I had



no job. And had it not been for Alvin The Creep, with his put-on accent and tumble-dry hair, I would at least have *that* semblance of financial security!

What would I do? Where would I go? The Scarlett side of my personality began to resurface. I had to survive. I had to have a chance to write unencumbered. So what if he was a dog? So what if his kisses tasted like Clearasil? This might be my Big Chance!

"But you don't even know the man!" Blanche admonished me. There, in my rear view mirror, sat Blanche DuBois, languishing about

(continued on page 70)

Nick Nolte

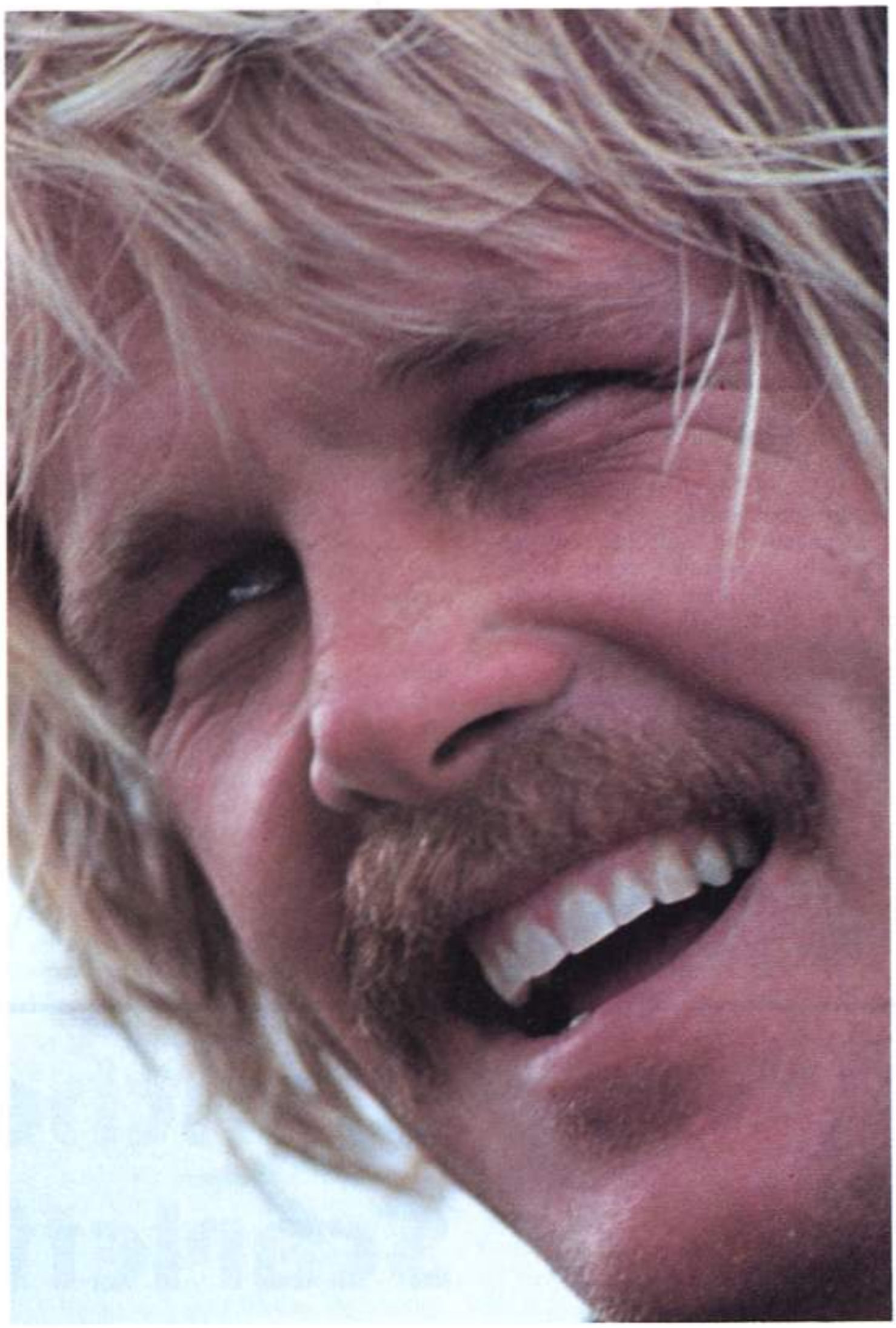
"My yellow hair," says Nick Nolte, trying to explain his phenomenal current success, "is money in the bank." He's right, of course, but the fact that Nolte is making hearts beat faster around the world is due to far more than his hair color. That handsome, rugged face, those beguiling eyes, that rakish smile, that ex-jock physique — well, the guy's just about got it all. He is going to be the next matinee idol, make no mistake. Comparisons to others like Redford, Eastwood and McQueen are futile. As Jackie Bissett, his co-star in the new $8 million spectacular, *The Deep*, put it, "Nick Nolte is going to be the next Nick Nolte."

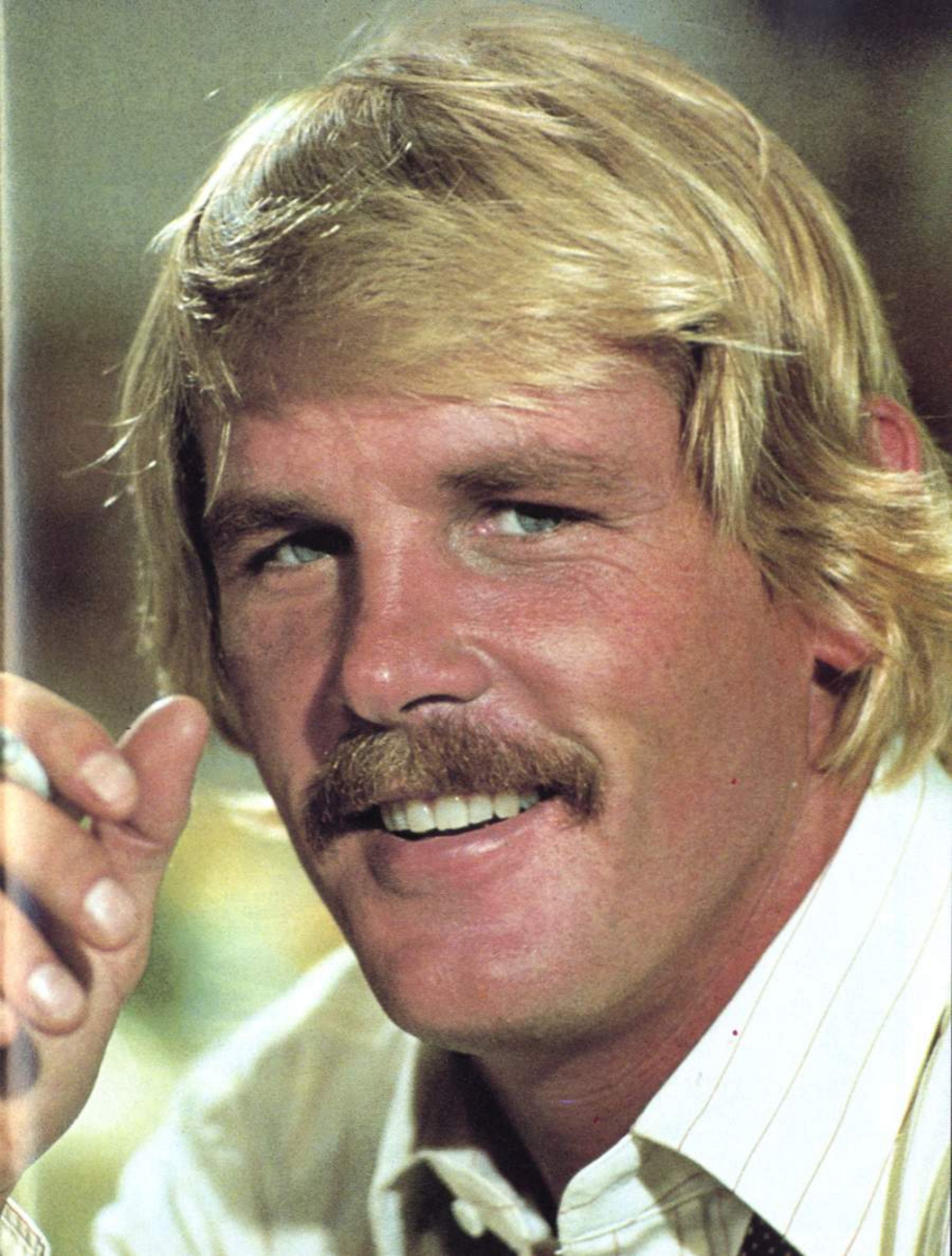
Nolte became an overnight sensation last year as Tom Jordach on *Rich Man, Poor Man,* ABC-TV's mini-series. Viewers responded not only to Nolte's devastating looks but also to his animal intensity and sensitive acting ability. Nolte worked hard to get into the character of Jordach. His mother recalls: "In the opening segment, Tommy Jordach was supposed to be 16. Nick called and wanted me to check back through his scrapbook and find out what he weighed when he was 16. Then he dieted down to 155 lbs. for the beginning segment and put on about 40 pounds during the course of the filming. Nick never does anything halves." The characterization won him an Emmy nomination and launched him to stardom.

Like most "overnight" success stories, Nick Nolte's was long in coming. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska 35 years ago. He became a self-admitted "tramp-jock," attending five colleges in four years on football scholarships. He maintained a straight-D average ("It took a lot of work," says Nolte. "For straight D's, you can't sit back") and never once appeared in a school play.

He didn't look to acting until he realized he was "a step to slow or a bit too small for pro football." He started working in small theaters across the country. "I *did* work at La Mama in New York—workshop and one play — for about five months in '69 and '70, but then I went right back to the circuit." He'd been doing that since 1960. He came to Los Angeles to co-star in William Inge's last play, *The Last Pad,* which concerns two men — one of them gay — who are con-

(continued on page 71)





A LOVERS' PRIMER



At least once in every gay's life comes the urge for a permanent relationship. It starts when you and he discover — to your mutual delight — that you actually have things to *talk* about over coffee and toast the morning after the satisfying night before. Succeeding encounters confirm your earlier compatability, and the two of you soon surprise yourselves by turning the conversation to the subject of becoming full-time lovers and setting up housekeeping together.

Great ! But, please, try to keep in mind that it is both a practical and a phisiological impossibility to make love 24 hours a day. Time spent out of bed is twice the time spent *in*, and the sometimes dreary realities of day-to-day life have to be dealt with sooner or later. Better sooner.

The purpose of this article is to help provide some guidelines for making the uneasy transition from single blissfulness to wedded blessedness with a minimum of trauma. In no particular order of importance, here are the promised ten items:

1) Shop around, together, for a place to live that will avoid the nettlesome problems that arise when one of you has to relocate onto the other's home turf. In other words, put into action the concept of "territorial imperative," remembering that no matter how positive the mutual vibes, the one who has had to pull up roots and move into the other's home will always feel, perhaps subconsciously, more like a guest than a partner in this new situation.

Chances are that there isn't really room for both your possessions in either of your present pads, anyhow, and the combined creating of a new love nest gives exhuberant impetus to the shared life which is your aim. And, oh yes, try to limit the lease to *one* year, no matter what your hopes for a lifetime. (This is called practical cynicism at work.)

2) Make a complete checklist of housekeeping chores, and jointly decide which ones can be *alternated*, so that neither of you is stuck with doing the laundry, cooking, washing dirty dishes, or scrubbing toilet bowls *all* the time. If this isn't done, tiny resentments can occur with the potential of building into major grudges. True, one of you may have the talent, time and inclination to do all the cooking, for example. O.K., but make sure that the helpmeet has an equally satisfying assignment to keep the balance even.

3) Be brutally frank in money matters. Dividing the rent and utilities in half is an obvious and simple matter, but allowances must be made if one of you, say, uses the telephone ten times more than the other. Each of you should be responsible as much as possible for upkeep of his own wardrobe. Groceries are a more complex matter, and things can get rather testy if your two eating habits vary widely — after all, why should you spend your hard-earned bread to help support his addiction to the *escargots* that give you hives? Best advice is to keep your records as detailed as possible, and put aside a special time each week (Sunday morning?) to review them soberly and honestly.

4) Phonograph records, books, tapes, sheet music, and such-a-like should be carefully marked as to ownership and kept obtrusively separated — especially those which have been gifts from one of you to the other. This will reduce the possibility of inadvertant misplacement of someone's favorite first edition, and also — should that dread day dawn — facilitate dividing the "spoils" if your adventure fails to work out. We are familiar with the petty nastiness of the "is-this-your record-or-mine?" haggling that afflicts some break-ups. The give-and-take process of becoming lovers does not include total surrender of personal property or identity.

5) In line with the above, each of you must maintain at least a modicum of privacy, a secret drawer or footlocker in which you keep letters or pictures or whatever (even pornography) which your partner has no access to nor any business knowing about. You both had your own lives before hitching up, not every last detail of which need be an open book to the other. (While this may seem at first glance mildly deceitful, it works out in practice to be eminently sensible.)

6) Continuing the transition here from objective to subjective matters, do *not*, in mistaken deference to each other, abandon anything — or any*one* — important to you. It is impossible to erase the the slate of life, and any attempt to do so can cause intense emotional turmoil and hidden bitterness. You must, of course, allow your partner the same latitude, even though there may be someone he cares for (an old "best friend," most usually) whom your acknowledged jealousy cannot countenance. This is also true of your newly-acquired "in-laws," whose continuing role must be suffered in wisdom and silence.

7) Determine at the outset to permit a measure of freedom to each other,allowing room to breathe and prevent a feeling of suffocation. This can take the most obvious format of each of you having his own "night out" alone, or the more subtle practice of spending a few hours in separate rooms, reading or writing letters or listening (with earphones) to your own favorite kind of music. You re-approach each other from these little "outings" and/or "separations" refreshed and relieved, making your togetherness something special and warm again.

8) Allow for moods that are sudden and unmotivated: we are all subject to the unexpected advent of a feeling of meanness or frustration. There is no such animal as a perpetual Pollyanna. A mutually-understood code word or phrase can be useful to announce such uneasiness, and signals a need for great tact and understanding. The lesser attention paid to such moments, the quicker they will pass. "What the hell you got in your craw this time?" is picking at the boil. "Would you like to be alone for a while?" is a more aptly ameliorative salve.

9) Never ask your mate a question, any question at all, that you yourself would not unhesitantly and candidly answer. This is a blanket rule that covers everything: past, present, and future. That which we want people to know, we volunteer, so even the most innocent of inquiries can touch a nerve that is better left un-exposed . . . and there you have the potential for the burgeoning of the great oak from the little acorn. Never forget that not only does it take two to wrangle, but that dissention is borne on the wings of petulance. You must assume that he will naturally reveal, in the full course of time, everything about himself he feels it pertinent for you to know.

10) Which leads to the final precept; that the past is, literally, *passed*. It informs the present and affects the future, but ought not permeate the process of building a new life together. We are all the result of everything we have ever done, but it is a continual process of evolvement, of which your current relationship is the most critical part. Ask, and ye may not receive.

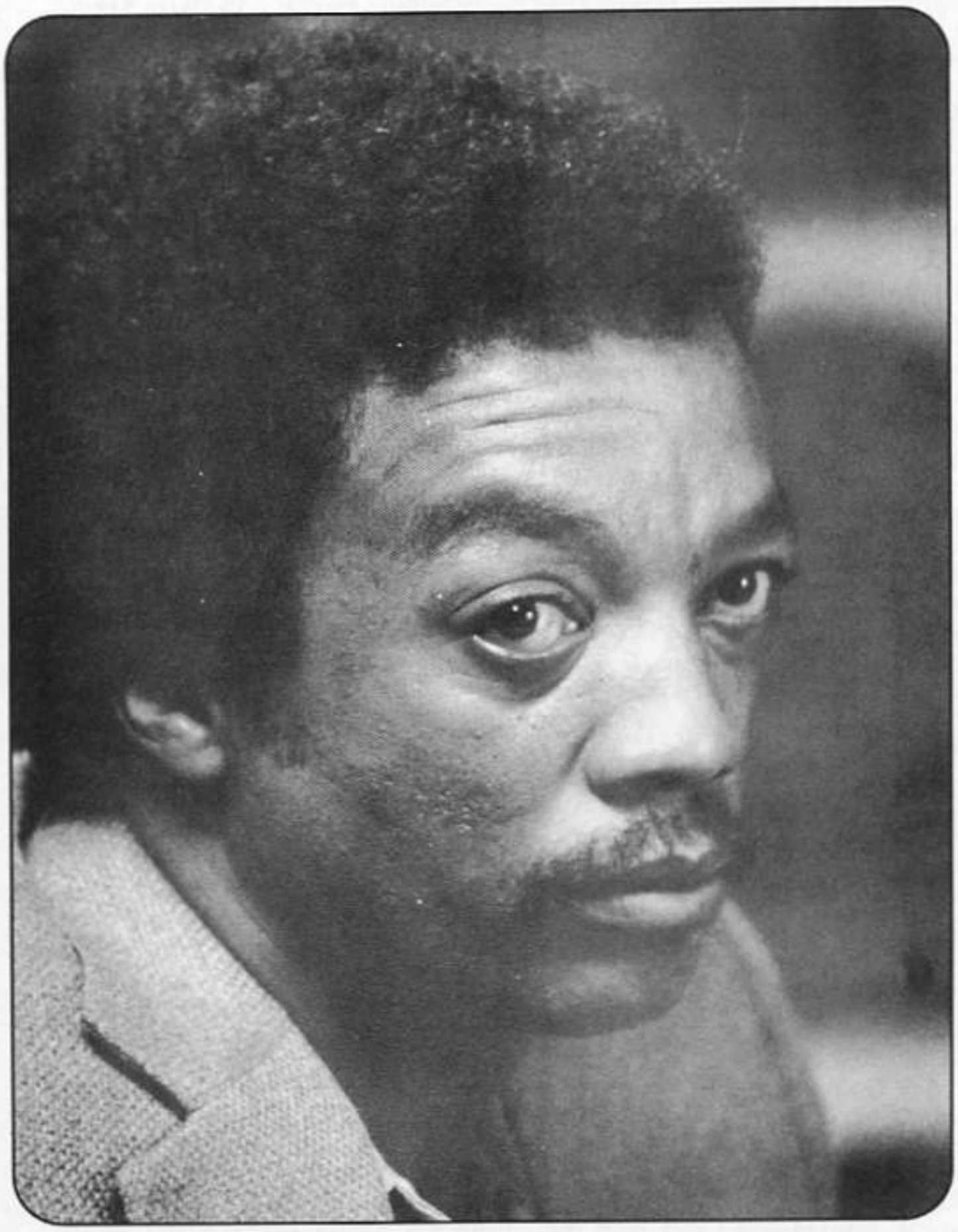
One final bonus item: never go to bed mad. And, rarely, alone.

— Jeremy Hughes

interview:

by Jan Jepperson

Paul Winfield



The oddly handsome Paul Winfield has taken over the reign of "most seen" black actor in film and television from the polished and upstanding Sidney Poitier. Having appeared in the TV drama "Green Eyes", the clasical "Sounder", the action-packed "High Velocity", the brilliant "Twilight's Last Gleaming", and the soon-to-be-released "Hero Ain't Nothin' But A Sandwich", Winfield's charm and alertness are guiding him steadily ever higher up the ladder of stardom. The mystery and appeal of Paul Winfield is vastly absorbed by all audiences and in this interview he reacts to support given him by his gay followers. The modest and soft-spoken voice of Paul Winfield prevails . . .

IT: What are your latest film endeavors, Mr. Winfield?

PW: I have just received a script to act in a new movie about Martin Luther King.In fact, I'll be playing Martin Luther King.

IT: How does it feel to be a hero?

PW: Well, as the movie says, *A Hero Ain't Nothin' But A Sandwich*, even in this case. Anyway Martin Luther is a hero and it is a little bit of an obligation as well as a talent.

IT: Will *A Hero Ain't Nothin' But A Sandwich* — in which you star with the prolific Cicely Tyson — be as touching as *Sounder?*

PW: I certaintly hope so. I think it might be even more touching because *Hero* is about a black family too, more recognizable. The problems of this family are pretty much what a family today can relate to. And, that's basically what both films dealt with — the inner family. It's hard to say if *Hero* will be as big of a success as *Sounder,* but I do have my quiet expectations.

IT: Why is it that Paul Winfield is continuously cast as a father figure — example, *Green Eyes, Hero, Sounder* . . . .

PW: Same with Martin Luther King. I'd say it's an interesting phenomenon. I guess because not being one, I have the luxury of not being obscured by reality. I don't know. I assume they come to me preconceived notions. I guess. In each father figure I've played, there are the requirements of always trying to do the same thing in each character that I've played before. In this case, playing a father and not being one is always a very interesting act of challenge.

IT: You've never been a father?

PW: Not that I know of!

IT: Have you ever been married?

PW: No.

IT: Do you have any plan for marriage?

PW: Does anybody plan for marriage?

IT: A little bit, I think!

PW: No, I don't have those kind of plans. You mean like I'm courting someone serious, who am I bringing flowers to, that kind of stuff.

IT: Isn't "that stuff" a lot of fun?

PW: Well it certainly is fun, but it's

not necessarily in my present agenda today. I don't mean that I don't have fun, by my attitude is that I'm married to my career. So I have tried very serious relationships, but it's very difficult — if you're any kind of professional, you have to travel. It's just not fair. I would want my mate to be there always, and that's not very practical. I could possibly be away from home for so long as a year and if my love has anything going, it would have to be given up. So, it's just not very practical for the time being.

IT: Is your career much more important to you than a solid lover?

PW: (Laughter) It takes up a great deal of my time. But to tell you the truth, yes, you are right. And in most everything I've ever done, I put all of myself into my priority. If it's *my* career that is important, I don't mean my career as such. I'm saying that I do feel my career is more important, but *I* do enjoy it.

IT: Do you think "selfish" is a bad word?

PW: Yes, if it's at the expense of someone else. But, self enlightened accomplishment...still I think anyone has to watch his integrity as a human being. How else can one expand? It's a form of positive energy.

IT: You're a Gemini — the sign of the unpredictable twins. Are you quick-witted?

PW: I don't think so. I'm just as quick as anyone else.

IT: Are you tempermental?

PW: No, not at all.

IT: Are you a fast adapter to any kind of a situation?

PW: I think that's a trait of a Gemini.

IT: That's an essential tool in your acting career?

PW: In my acting career and also in . . . yes.

IT: Why have you chosen San Francisco as your home base?

PW: I just returned from a two week vacation twenty minutes ago, and driving over the Golden Gate bridge, I really have to say it's the most beautiful city I've ever seen. I get a thrill every time I see it. Since I'm not "home" a lot — I'm really sort of an out-of-towner — I see San Francisco from a tourist's eye. If you live here for over a year, day in and day out, it can become a drag, just like in Hollywood.

IT: Does this make commuting to and from Hollywood difficult for you?

PW: Not at all. It's only a few minutes away by plane.

IT: You're building a new home, aren't you?

PW: I've fininshed it. Actually, I renovated it, not built from the ground up. I've made it an ego extension, I guess. (Laughter) It's something I feel very comfortable in and it's a cozy kind of atmosphere.

IT: How about a description—what does your living room look like?

PW: There's a fireplace and lots of plants. The color scheme is basically white. Lots of oil paintings.

IT: And your bedroom?

PW: Oh, not too bad. There's a desk with a reading light, stereo unit, mirrors, animal furs, king-size bed, multi-colored sheets.

IT: To get to another subject — Do you like "white meat"?

PW: I like them all, as they say. I think Little Richard said, "We're all a little flower in God's bouquet". I try not to be a racist. I look from the inside out.



IT: In L.A., you have a tremendous gay following. Are you gay?

PW: How do you hear that?

IT: I've heard it about town.

PW: Let's see. I can't imagine why. Possibly it's from the thing I did a long time ago.

IT: Tell me about it.

PW: It was a long, long time ago, in a workshop. I played a transvestite called "Miss Electricity." Jack Nicholson, among others, acted in the play. It was really a wonderful play. But it's not quite, I think, the main reason why I have a large gay following.

IT: Have you ever stopped to analyze why you have a great number of gay fans?

PW: Well, I was never aware of it.

IT: How do you feel about Gay Lib?

PW: I read an article a while back saying that blacks, with all the special attitudes and prejudices, are only a part of humanity who are seeking open acceptance and liberation. I think we all want the same thing—liberation for *all* human beings. That includes women, homosexuals, blacks and all other minorities—we all want to be wholly accepted.

IT: What do you think about public homosexuality in film and television?

PW: The only gay film that I've seen — which I thought was atrocious — was *Norman . . . Is That You?*

IT: What about *The Fox, Boys in the Band,* and even in the late fifties, *The Children's Hour?*

PW: Honestly, I'm just not aware of that much gay interaction in film and television—you're really opening my eyes. As I say, the only thing that comes to mind is *Norman . . . Is That You?*, and they did show it as a frustrating experience . . . how it affected his girlfriend and such. That's why I feel it was atrocious. In that vein, I think it's interesting to know more in depth how homosexuals, themselves, feel and operate. I'd like to see more of a person-to-person level of interaction, not as a form of humility for entertainment.

IT: Would you agree that homosexuality has been presented as an "underdog" topic of interest?

PW: I'm afraid that's part of the system. First to get the recognition is important, but breaking away from that and being able to present the situation from the *advantage* of the homosexual, that's the next step.

IT: Yes, indeed. Paul, what are your hobbies?

PW: I'm an outdoorsman. I like to go fishing, back-packing. Oh, I'm into a lot of fads, and right now I'm into growing orchids. They require a certain climate, but they are certainly a beautiful flower. I have my own greenhouse. And, actually, they aren't that hard to grow. I would have liked to become a farmer, but I really don't have the time it takes nor the money it takes.

IT: You could have become a modern, esoteric farmer?

PW: Yes, but it's impossible to be an esoteric farmer in the big city.

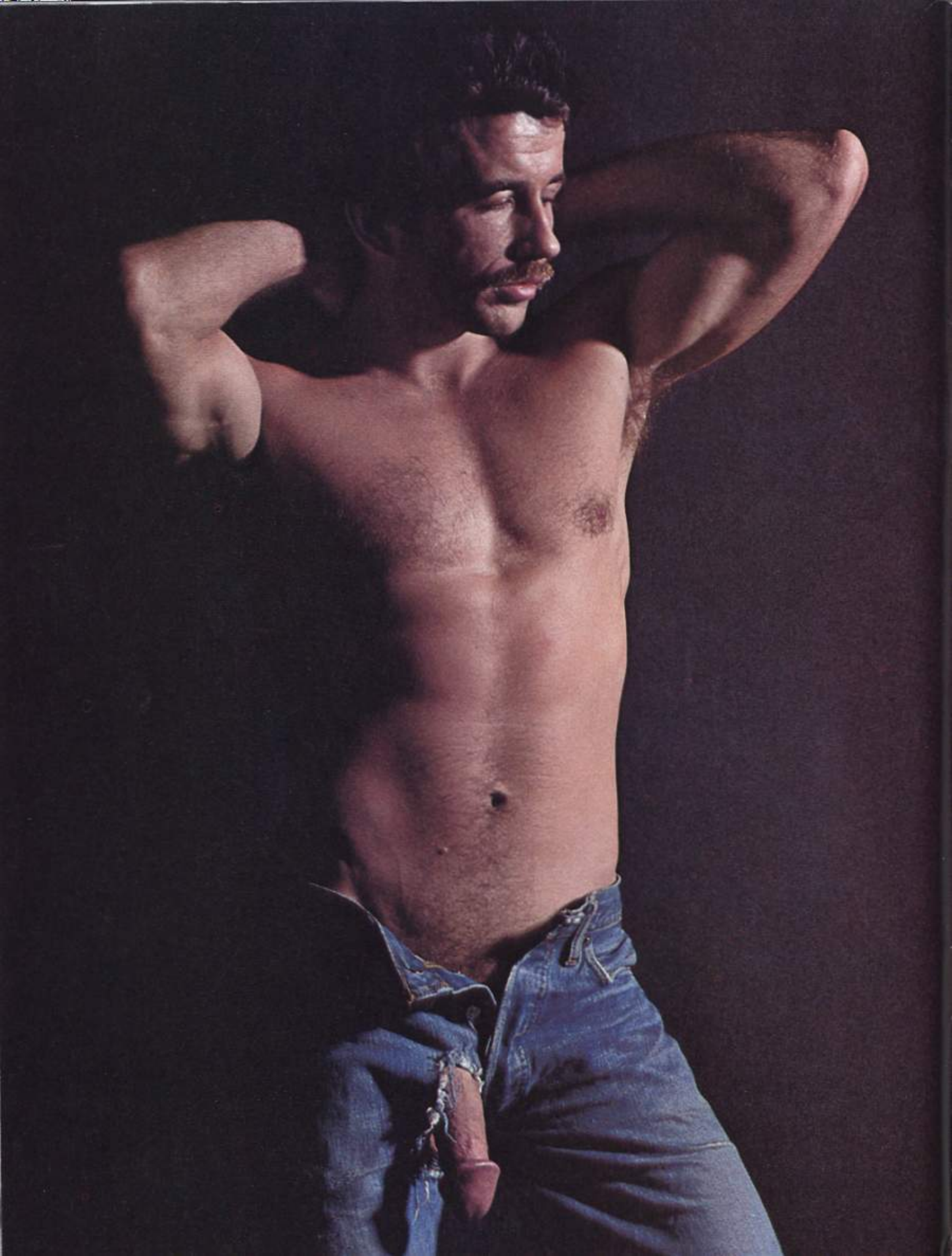
IT: Have you ever grown a black orchid?

PW: No, there's no such thing. I'm reciting what Brenda Starr's boyfriends says, "There's no black orchid". Even with the "black" rose, they are not actually black. They are a very dark reddish color, actually a profuse maroon color which makes them appear black. The color black is actually a combination of all the colors together.

IT: Amen.

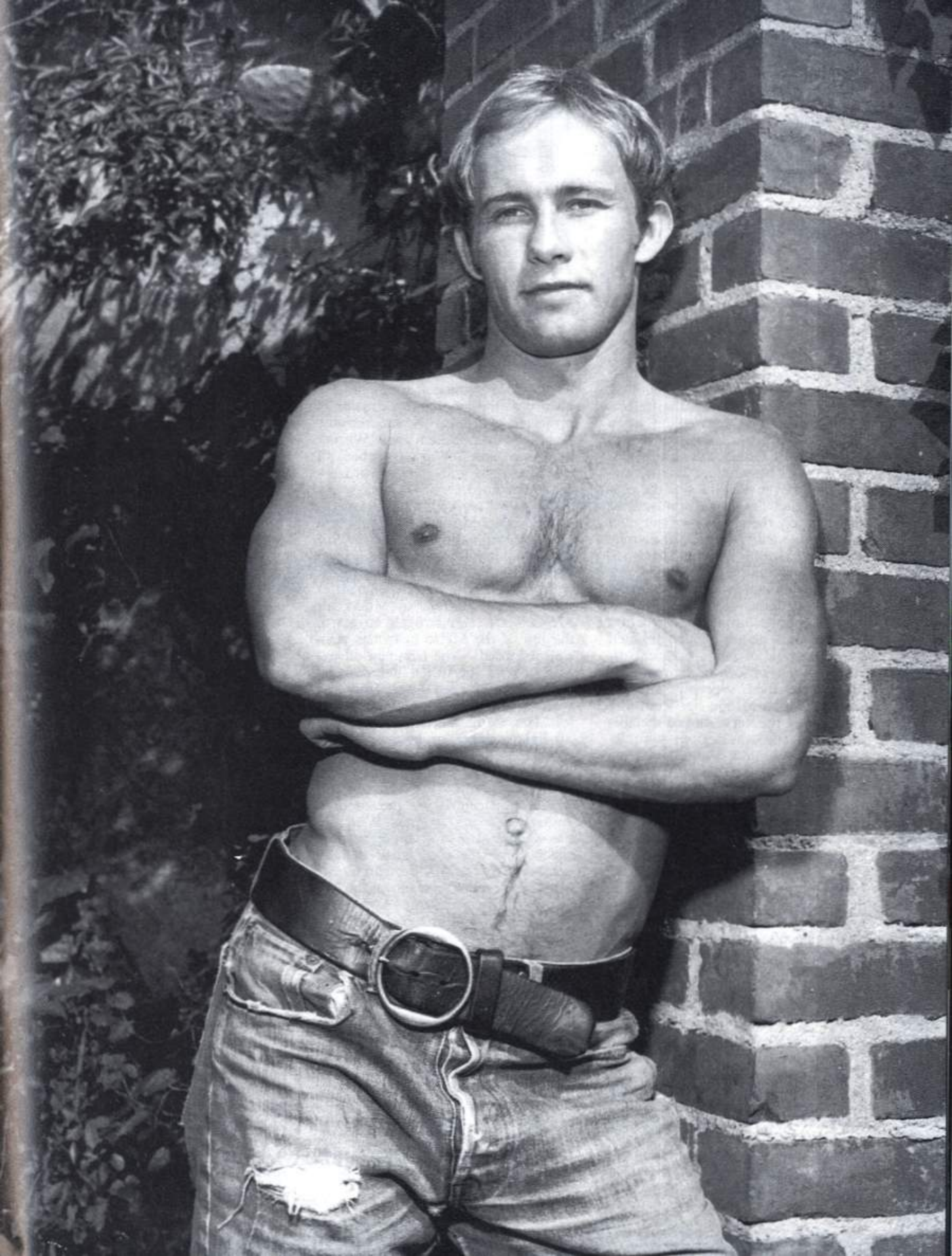
Torn & Tattered











GOODBYE, JOAN

Veteran director George Cukor, who had directed Joan Crawford in *The Women* and *A Woman's Face*, included the following comments in his tribute upon hearing of the star's death in May:

"I know it sounds odd, but somehow I didn't believe that Joan Crawford could ever die. She was the perfect image of the movie star and, as such, largely the creation of her own indomitable will. She had, of course, very remarkable material to work with: a quick native intelligence, tremendous animal vitality, a lovely figure and above all, her face, that extraordinary sculptural construction of lines and planes, finely chiseled like the mask of some classical divinity from fifth-century Greece. It caught the light superbly, so that you could photograph her from any angle, and the face moved beautifully. But she was serious with it: serious about improving herself as an actress, serious about her total dedication to screen stardom."

Cukor,of course, was right on with his insightful observations. Crawford's death prompted many journalists to lament, with all good intentions, that it was the end of an era. It really isn't, of course. We still have many living reminders of Hollywood's past, many of whom are currently more active than Crawford was during her last few quiet years. Bette Davis and Mae West have just completed new films. Gloria Swanson is on the lecture circuit. Cary Grant is a high-powered business representative for Brut and James Stewart and Henry Fonda work constantly.

What *did* die with Crawford was her stardom, her special brand of cultivated celebrity which came to be recognized the world over as the epitome of Hollywood glamour. Though a fine and dedicated actress and a well-publicized businesswoman, Joan Crawford immediately conjures up the image of a MOVIE STAR. No film performer in the history of the medium so constantly projected stardom so successfully. Someone once asked Jack Warner to define "star". Warner replied, "I can give it to you in two words — Joan Crawford."

Crawford worked on her stardom as she worked on anything; with great determination and drive. She was originally from Texas, from which she hit the Broadway nightclub circuit and shortly thereafter came under contract to MGM for $75 a week. Her struggle to get to the top of the Metro heap has been well recorded— she trimmed off excess pounds, perfected her dancing skills and absorbed much from the veteran stars then dominating the lot. Her fierce determination paid off handsomely, for in a few short years Joan Crawford was one of the most popular young actresses in Hollywood. Her '30s vehicles appealed particularly to the modern young American woman. With her broad shoulders and brisk manner she became the shop girls' delight.

Of course, the '40s brought Crawford her greatest acclaim as an actress with an Academy Award for *Mildred Pierce* and wonderful performances in *Humoresque, Possessed* and *A Woman's Face* among others.

Even into the '60's, Crawford proved a powerful box-office draw when she co-starred with fellow legend Bette Davis in *Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?* Unfortunately the film typed Joan into a gothic horror cycle from which she never fully extricated herself, save for a few television dramas. She was wise to choose retirement rather than to appear in progressively more shoddy films. Her last, *Trog*, was the nadir of a brilliant career.

No one ever thought of Crawford as a has-been, though. With frequent appearences on talk shows and her public relations work with Pepsi-Cola, she was always in the public eye and retained the respect and devotion of fans everywhere. Crawford seemed well satisfied with her life in the later years and in 1971 said:



"People are always asking me if there's anything I regret, or would change. The answer is "no!' not a single thing. If I hadn't had the pain, I wouldn't be me. And I like being me."

An era didn't die with Joan Crawford. But her death did rob us of it's most glittering symbol. As George Cukor said: "I thought Joan Crawford could never die. Come to think of it, as long as celluloid holds together and the word Hollywood means anything to anyone, she never will."

— Christopher Nickens

asked to define "Star," Jack Warner replied: "Joan Crawford."

Illustration by Chris Nickens

JIM SPADA

Ever since Jim Spada was a kid, growing up on Staten Island, he's been fascinated by larger-than-life personalities. Unlike many of us, however, he's been able to turn what began as an avocation into a vacation. When still in junior high school he began, singlehandedly, the Marilyn Monroe Fan Club. As president and editor/publisher of the club's newsletter he perpetuated the late star's life and career. Later, while attending Hunter College, he began a more serious-minded publication devoted to Ted Kennedy and the issues which shaped his political life. His work came to the attention of the Senator from Massachusetts, who appointed him a Senate intern. As such, Jim worked on the 1970 re-election campaign's newsletter. The job was a natural for the former editor of his own *EMK* magazine. In the past few years Jim has authored two books on Hollywood Celebrities: *Barbra: The First Decade* (1974: Citadel Press, 224 pgs., $12.00), and *The Films of Robert Redford* (1977: Citadel Press; 256 pgs., $14.00). He is an active worker for gay rights activists and organizations. In addition to his writing books, Jim was editor of the *People* magazine look-alike, *In The Know*. Richard Stanley, who worked with Jim as managing editor of *In The Know*, talked with him recently for *In Touch*.

IT: You wrote a book on Barbra Streisand. Why did you choose her?

JS: She's *the* most exciting movie star around today. She has an interesting combination of independence and vulnerability. I've thought a lot about why gays are drawn to Barbra, Betty Davis, Marylin Monroe, and Judy Garland. In fact I spoke to Evelyn Hooker, the psychologist, about it, and also many of my friends, all of whom are gay and into these people. In the case of Streisand, specifically, she's the pinnacle of success, and if you're going to attach yourself to somebody, you may as well pick the best. She's a star in a traditional sense. A lot of gay people like the glamour and glitter not — mundane things.

Also there's an alter-ego possibility, and/or whether it was subliminal heterosexual feeling. I lean toward the alter-ego theory. I thought that all those female idols were "safe" ways of expressing heterosexual feelings that all of us have, because most of them are very feminine and sexy, but they were no threat. Some of my friends didn't agree, though, a lot of gay men would like to *be* Barbra Streisand. . . .

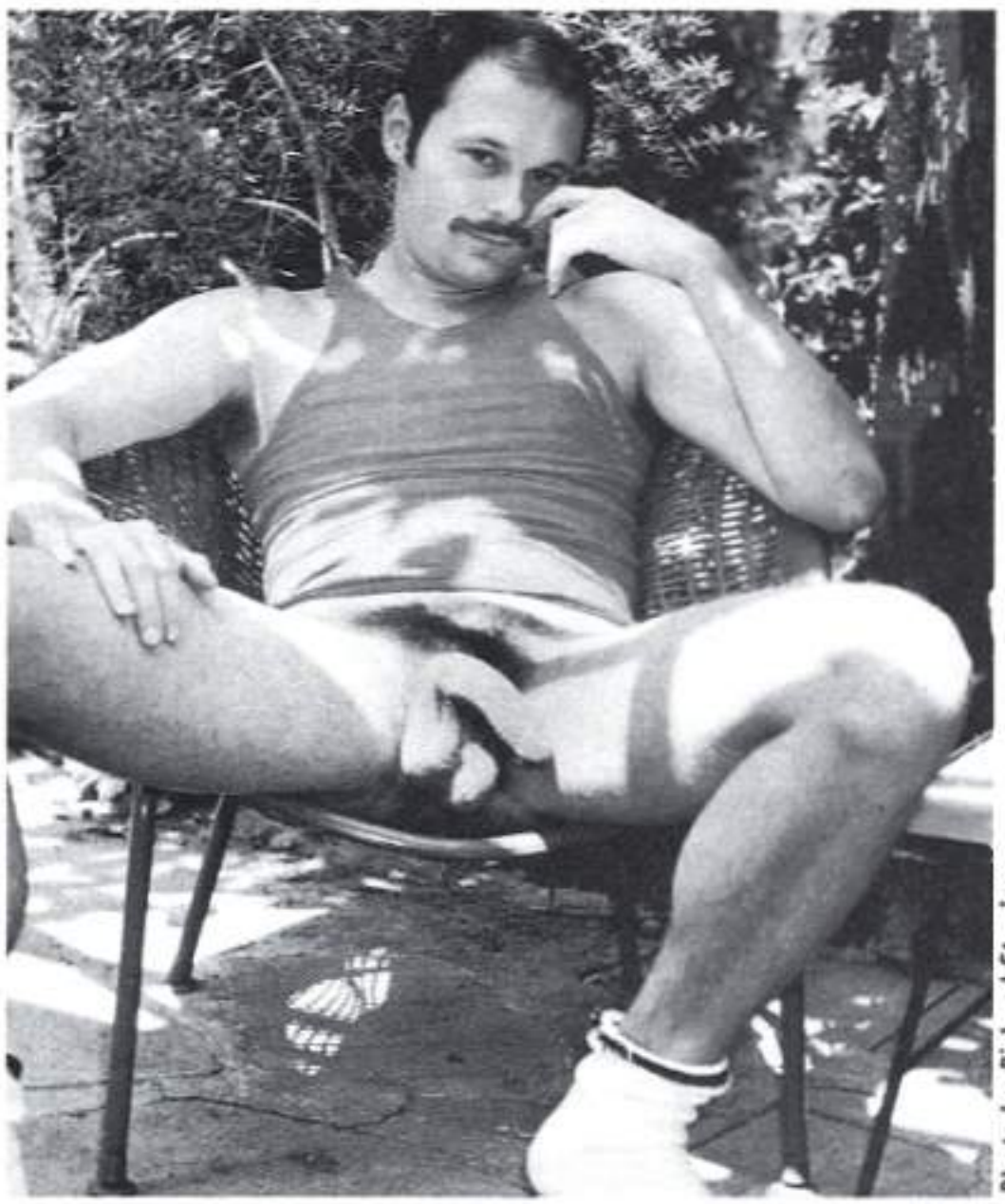


Photo by Richard Stanley

IT: Have you considered that many men are drawn to "les belles dames sans merci" — to bite the mother figures who reject their sons and punish them?

JS: There may be an element of that, but I don't think it's a major factor. For the most part these female stars were vulnerable, tragic women. Gay people attach themselves to these women because they can associate with the suffering. Most gay people have suffered more than others, and some take great pleasure in the pain. They can identify with poor Judy who couldn't sing and then slashed her wrists. There's a great deal of empathy: "I understand her that's why I can love her." There's no male singer who cries, breaks down on stage.

JS: Did your parents think being president of the Monroe Fan Club was an unusual thing for a 13-year old boy to be doing?

JS: I think my brothers thought so more. My mother was very supportive. My father didn't say anything. I was always a loner in school, but the Marilyn Monroe thing was the only tie between me and my classmates. They'd always want to see the latest pictures — for different reasons than I, which used to annoy me, because I knew she was so much more than a sex symbol. . . .

IT: What was your impression of Robert Redford?

JS: He impressed me as being a very complex, sensitive, concerned individual. There are lots of levels to him. He's very articulate, soft-spoken, low-key, informed, involved politically and with the environment. He struck me as the kind of person I'd like to know even if he wasn't Robert Redford. And I think he's basically a man caught between a real and the realization that he can't desire for honesty and a desire to be always be either.

IT: Isn't there always the temptation to be awed by movie stars? How do you avoid it?

JS: I don't know what makes people think stars are a breed apart. They're not, they just happen to have a particular talent which they use. I don't believe there's anyone that I'm in awe of anymore. I may be in awe of their talent, and that's what separates a fan from an admirer. Fandom is something to grow out of. You can't substitute another person's accomplishment for your own.

—Richard Stanley

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JOE WARD

Photos by Sonny Knox







F*ortune and Men's Eyes* is a rough play about rough men —a gut-grabbing slice of prison life that holds a certain morbid fascination for both straights and gays. But when one of the lead characters is played by someone like handsome Joe Ward, the gut-grabbing crosses boldly over into the erotic.

Sandy - haired, blue - eyed Joe Ward is a 24-year-old Taurus. Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, Joe attended the University of Kentucky, where he majored in theatre, and recently settled in Atlanta.

An outdoors man, Joe enjoys backpacking, whether in a virgin wilderness or a park where a man might lurk behind every bush. But his special love is for swimming and diving (he worked four years as a lifeguard). "Diving," Joe says, "keeps me in touch — no pun intended — with my body."

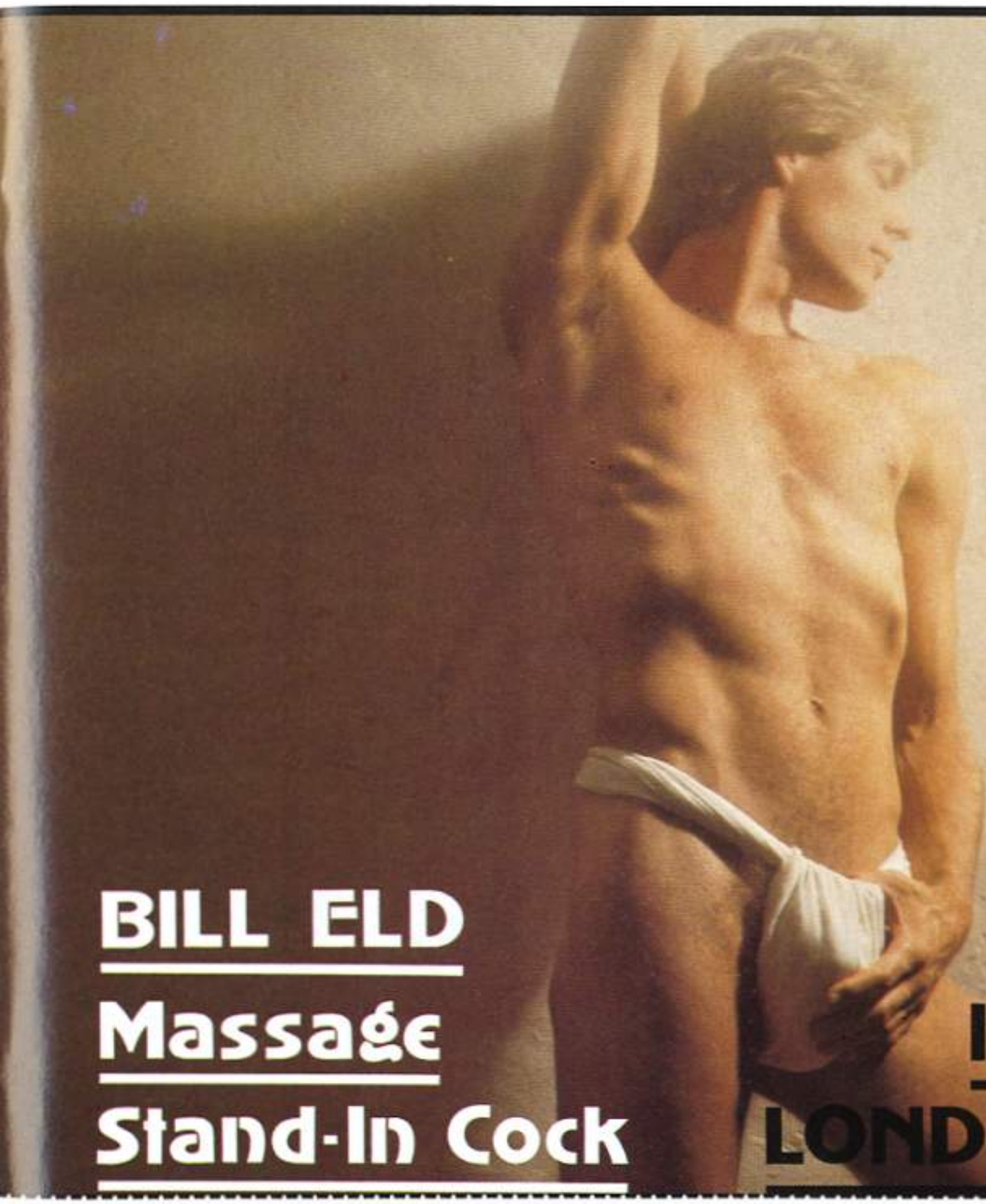
Though he made his acting debut in Atlanta's Sweet Gum Head production of *Fortune*, Joe is an accomplished singer, composer, guitarist, dancer, and model. A man definitely on the way up, Joe Ward. And a man definitely to watch.

— **Steve Warren**

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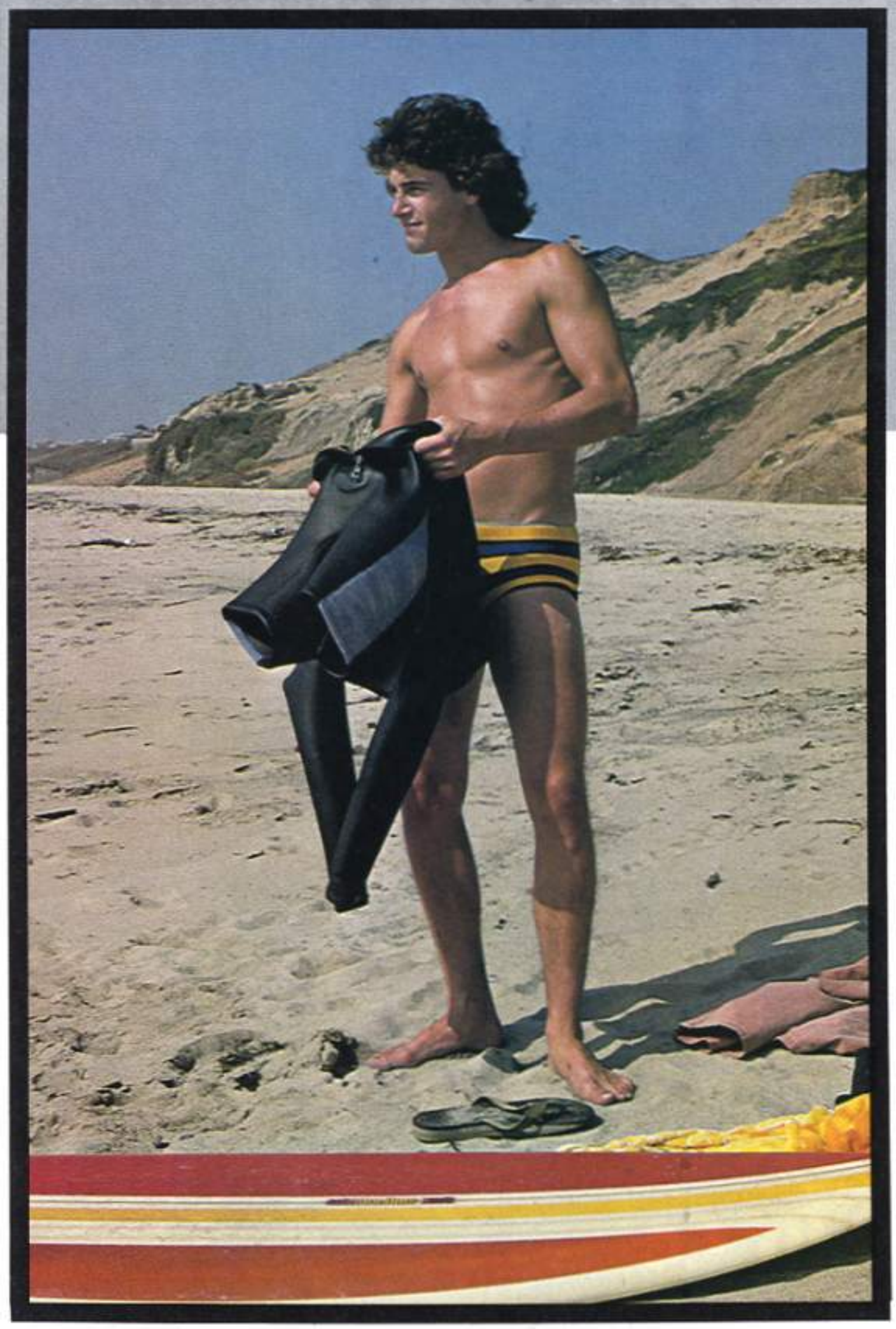
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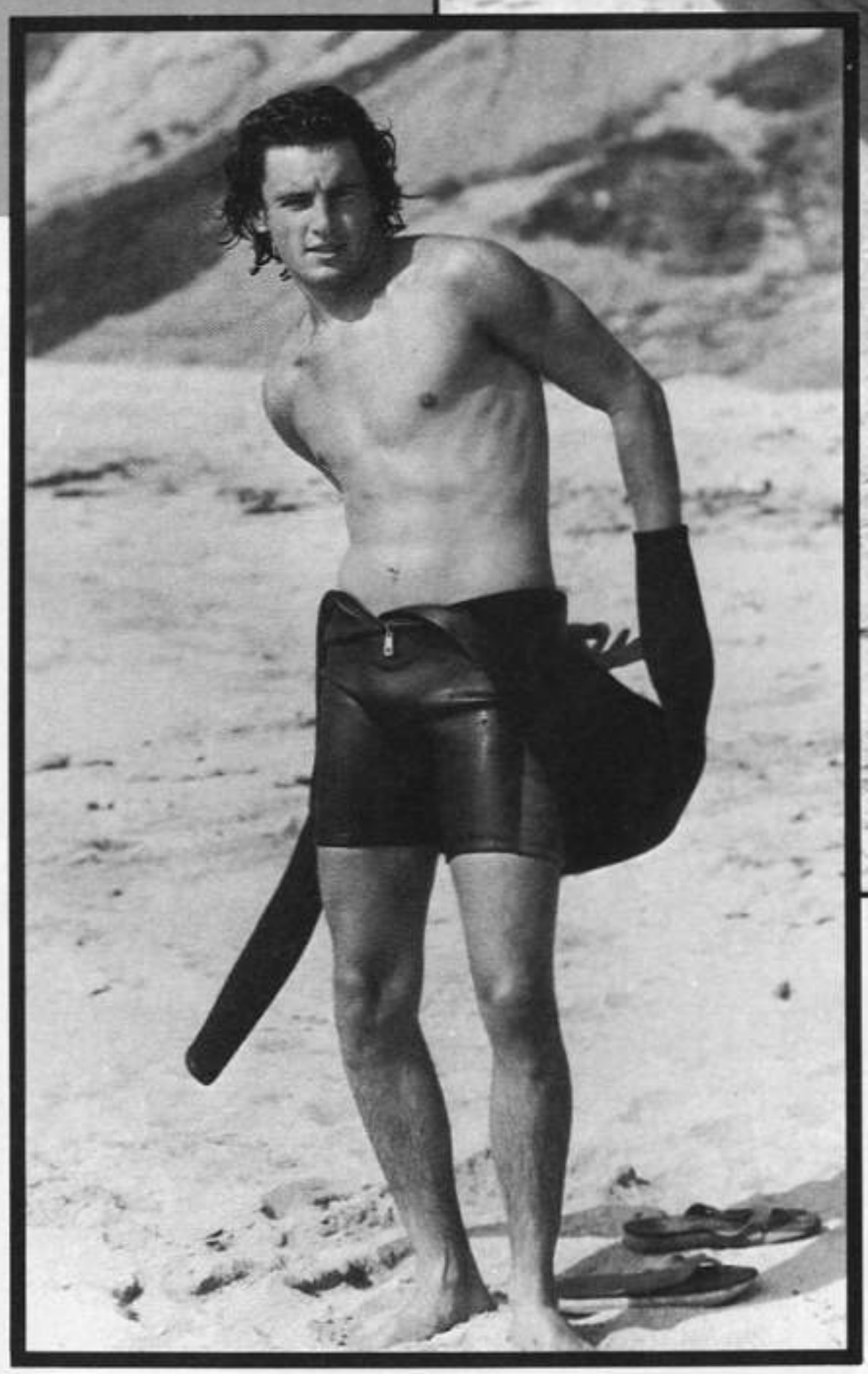
introducing CLIFF ROGERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HY CHASE



Our cover man, Cliff Rogers, is true California Child. Born and raised in the sun, Cliff is at home anywhere there is sun, sand, surf, or sparkling water. He lives, not surprisingly, only steps from the ocean, with three other beach buddies. A 22-year-old Scorpio, Cliff also enjoys backpacking in the High Sierras when time from his Junior College studies and football permits.







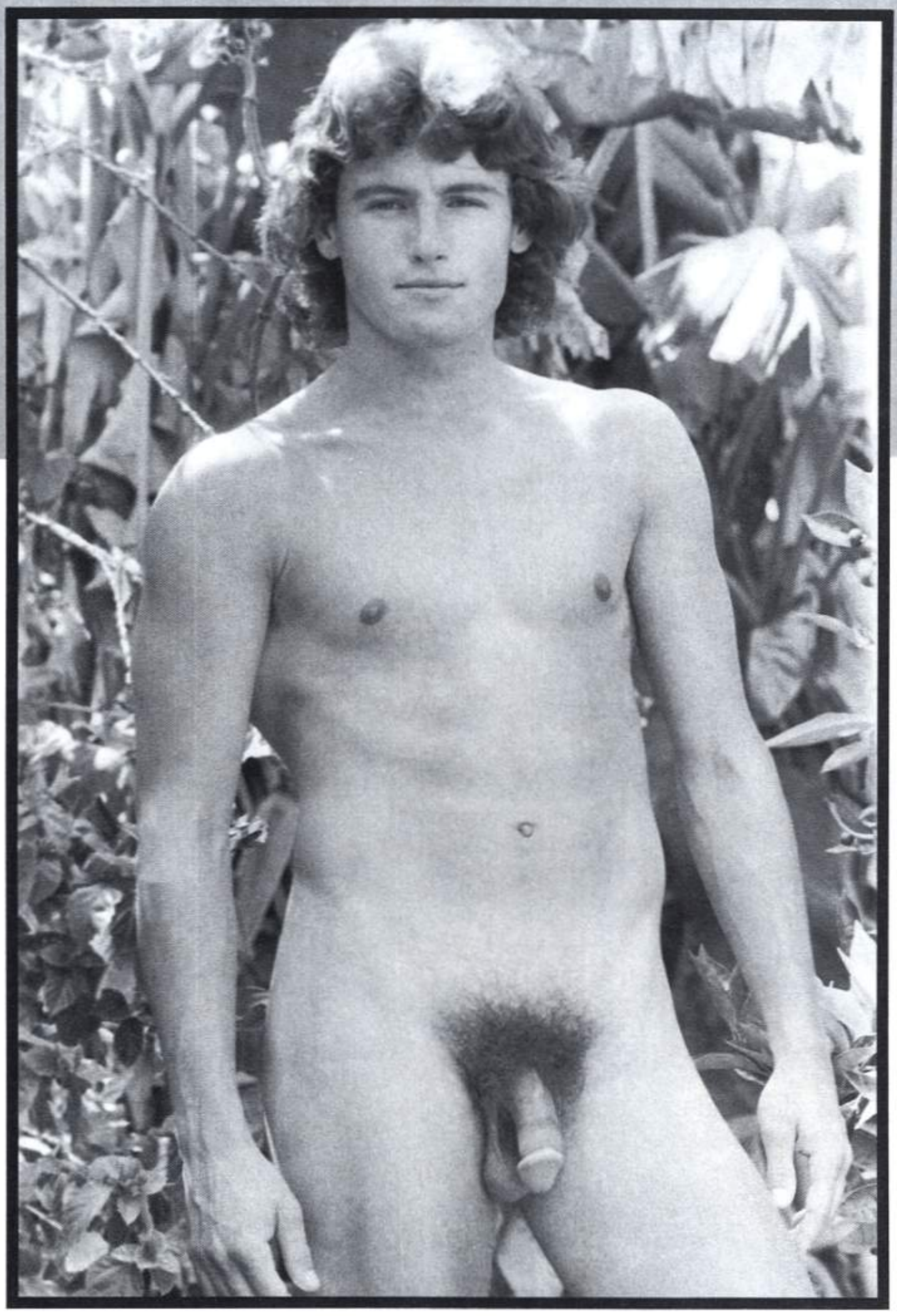
Cliff is currently spending his summer vacation surfing in Hawaii, where he shold have no trouble at all finding guys more than willing to hang ten with him.



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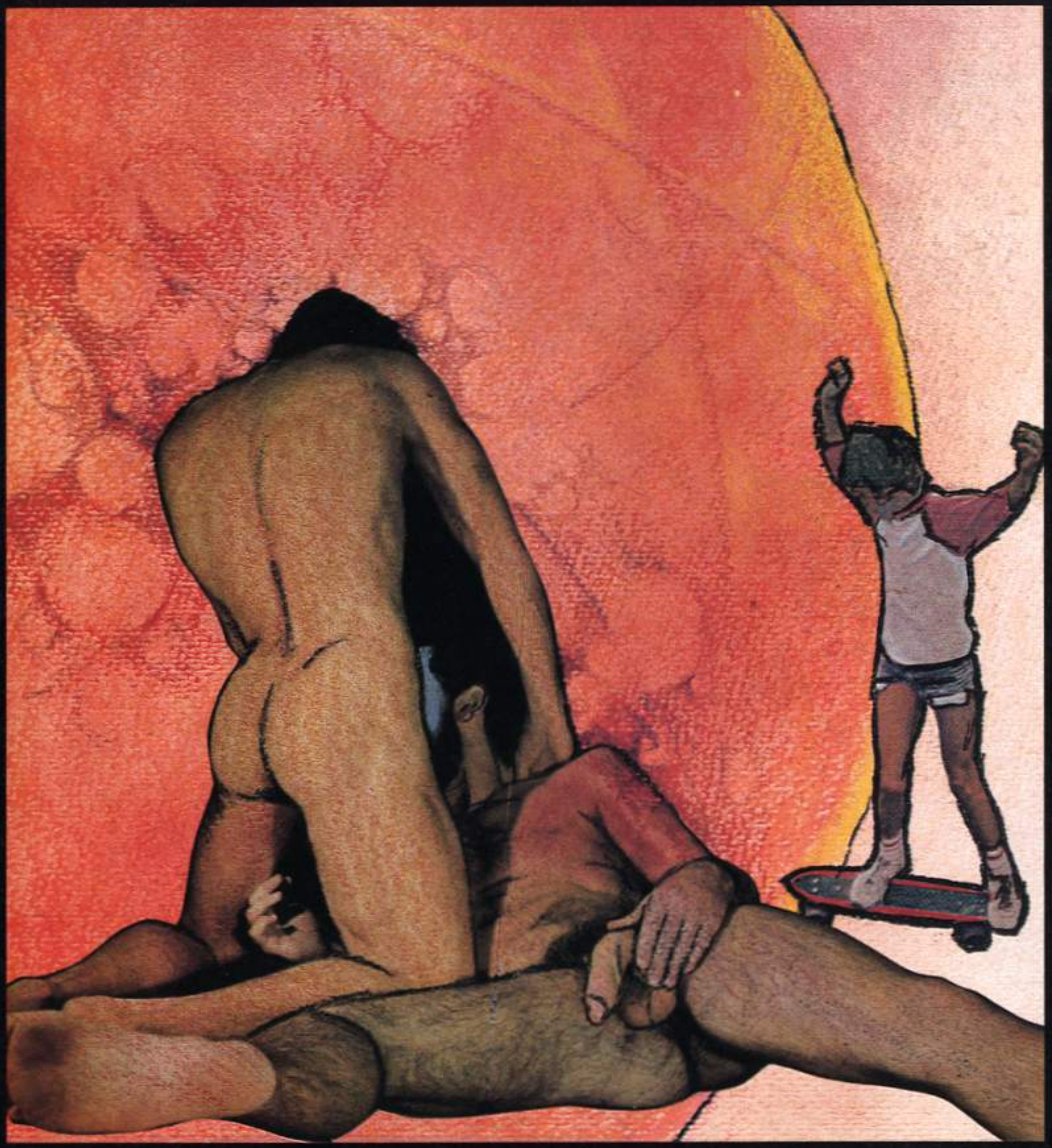












the MARS PICTURE

©1977 BY RICHARD ELOVICH

Reaching down to the pint of Wild Turkey at his crotch, Scott Drawbridge unscrewed the cap and took a gulp. The numbers on the clock at the dashboard glowed in the dark. The traffic light changed over the empty intersection. And having glanced into his rearview mirror, Scott stepped on the accelerator.

Cruising down Sumac's main street he passed the strip of fastfood franchises. Teenagers he knew from school sat on picnic tables or stood in lines for ice cream or hamburgers at the service windows. Scott orbited outside of the security of their easy familiarity; when he passed them, he composed his face to appear cool and indifferent.

Afraid to drive up the main street again because someone who knew him from school might recognize his car and the frequency of his passing, he kept driving toward the *Glove* Drive-in movie at the edge of town, then circled back on a dark sidestreet.

A chill warning passed through him as he drove slowly past the old Pioneer Graveyard. He had had his first and only *experience* with another boy there, last summer.

Remembering that and a book he had read earlier in the day, he pulled to the curb, turned off the ignition and lit a cigarette. Earlier in the day, after church and Sunday afternoon dinner, he left his parents talking with neighbors in the living room, and went out to the backyard to start a new paperback thriller he had bought at the tobacco shop on Saturday.

Disaster novels were in vogue. A town outside Denver had to be evacuated when workers at the nearby Rocky Mountain Arsenal became infected with a nerve disease. A potent nerve gas stored in warheads had been improperly sealed and numerous leaks were reported. *The nerve gas slowly contaminated the atmosphere and water supply. In the rapid evacuation, pets and plants had to be left behind. Packs of once-domesticated dogs ran loose, and, hungry, they were looking for food.*

Scott thought that he could still hear the moss-covered walls of the cemetary growling. *Earlier, during the summer, holes were dug in the dark red landscape. The bodies emptied out of their pasts. The silent machine landed. Scott pedaled his bicycle slowly past.* He leaned over the wrought-iron gate, while the other boy pulled the jeans down around his ankles. Tongue washed the blond hairs around his asshole. The boy's eyelids fluttered like a blind guitarist's. Unbearable pleasure. The boy spit into his hand, and the hand down to his cock, he slipped into Scott. The rusty gate creaked while they rocked together against it. Now, reaching to his crotch, Scott felt his erection. He took a sip from the bottle and drove back toward the *Glove*. A new feature had just started. Without the sound, he watched it.

* * *

Clad only in cut-offs and sneakers, Scott walked up the road toward Piper's Pass with two friends. Their bodies were tanned and well-exercised; it was late summer. Each held a skateboard over his shoulder or under his arm. Every afternoon, groups of three and four boys left the local hobby shop to walk up to the top of the pass and fly down.

"WWWHEEEEEEE," sang Scott. He was taller than the other boys, but his frame was wiry. He had gold-blond hair; his face was chunky and meershaum-colored; his lips full and fixed in a pout; his eyes were distant blue-grey. He had taken off his sneakers and tied them like a scarf around his neck and broad shoulders. His toes curled around the edges of the skateboard; his arms were outstretched as though he were balanced on a high wire. The aspen and sumac foliage along the road opened up around him as he whizzed through.

Ahead of him was a hairpin turn. A blue pickup truck careened around the blind curve. Scott heard the screeching tires and, without having to think about it, deftly manuevered his board to the side of the narrow road. The truck sped past him toward the mountains. Having possession of the road again, Scott weaved stitches in-and-out of the yellow line which divided the road. He could hear Billy Watkins, the next boy in line, coming up behind him.

* * *

Glancing at the dashboard clock, Scott capped the bottle and drove home. As he walked down the hallway past his parents' bedroom, the floorboard under his shoe creaked.

Scott closed his bedroom door and undressed. He drank the last of the Wild Turkey and climbed into bed. For what seemed like hours, he tossed and turned, knoting up his bedsheet, flipping his pillow over, unable to sleep. He switched on the lamp by his bed and opened a book about a spaceship from the planet Mars that visits Earth.

Naked, except for a pair of blue socks, he was sprawled out, his eyes closed, feet arched, knees bent slightly. His right hand gripped his cock. Panic tearing through his ribs, the thin layer of goosebump skin quivering, he came. Quick milky silver shot out. His hand still gripping his shaft like the horn of a western saddle. Shaking it. Shaking it loose. Hot pearls flew off the end of a string and landed in puddles on his belly and thigh. His head relaxed and he slept.

* * *

Sumac was deserted. Hundreds of pigeons dawdled in the eaves of the buildings, making stupid noises like the haunting echo of a crowd fleeing a stadium. Packs of dogs, once domestic but now without human masters, ran through the streets, fending for themselves. The construction site of the pedestrian mall on Soon St. was left unfinished: the cement only partially poured and yellow bulldozers, paint rusting and windows covered with birdshit, grazed bovinely. A weather-beaten sheet of newspaper blew about like a dust devil in the strong afternoon breeze.

Scott stopped his skateboard on the sidewalk in front of the Penny Arcade. Picking up his board, he tried the door. It was locked. He nodded to his companions, the two men from the blue pickup — no, from the silent machine — and swung his skateboard through the glass door, touching off a loud alarm. The three of them stiffened and hesitated. Nothing stirred. The stadium crowd ran toward them for years. Sumac had been left to Scott; and the two young men were his first visitors.

Scott reached forward and turned the knob from the inside. The fragrance of ammonia window cleaner escaped from the Arcade, where it had loitered for centuries, dormant, over the glass-covered pinball sarcophagi, like air sealed in a tomb. A screwdriver was used to jimmy open a cashbox. Dull copper coins rained down on the dusty linoleum tiled floor. Each of the three swooped up a handful and went off in search of a machine. For hours the ancient Arcade was again filled with the cacophany of ringing bells, buzzers, blinking lights and colliding metal balls.

When most of daylight had drained from the tomb, the boys left their machines and sat the formica snack-counter, waiting. They watched the orange-pink rim of the sun settle

(continued on page 88)

WORLD REPORTS

PARIS

Who is Wallace Potts and what's he doing in Paris? Well, he came to France last year to attend the Cannes Film Festival with hopes of selling his newest porno film, *More, More, More* which he wrote and directed. He did manage to sell it; and although, to his knowledge, it hasn't opened in the States, it did have a run here in Paris.

Wallace, who is thirty, hails from Alabama. He attended a film school in New York and also spent some time at U.S.C. in California. His film credits include a three minute experimental film, an eight minute film on Einstein's "Theory of Relativity" with dancers from the Royal Ballet, and a thirty minute porno cartoon entitled *Demigods*, a collage of sorts with characters with musclemen bodies and the faces of Hollywood actors Marlon Brando, Paul Newman and Burt Lancaster superimposed. *Demigods can be* seen today at porno theatres throughout the United States. He also worked with Pasolini in London on *Canterbury Tales*.

More, More, More cost $30,000 to make; and although Wallace described the "story" to me, it didn't make me want to rush out and see it. But Wallace is the first to agree that male porno films have little or no story—which he feels is a problem, but he also feels that finding actors who can act a bigger problem. "To be in a porno film," he says, "you really need to be part exhibitionist and get your kicks by having sex with somebody watching — in this case, the camera."

We spoke briefly of Jack Deveau's *Le Musee* (*Dreamboy* in the States—see IN TOUCH #29), which opened in Paris in June and which starred Hugh Allen and Dan Donovan. Wallace was not particularly impressd. "It started out with a story," he said, "but the story was abandoned halfway through the film in favor of sucking and fucking." And this, of course, ruined the film.

Wallace is presently working on re-writing a science-fiction porno film which, if it gets off the ground, will star French porno star Jean Paul Doux, who starred in *Le Beau Mec* ("A Beautiful Guy"). Wallace's next project, for which he wrote the script, will be *Disco Queen* — not be a porno film but rather a story on homosexual life in Los Angeles. He has written a part for Peter Berlin, but it will not be the lead.

Changing the subject rather abruptly, Wallace asked: "How do you like French cocks as opposed to American cocks?" I told him I really didn't find any difference. "But they're (French cocks) not

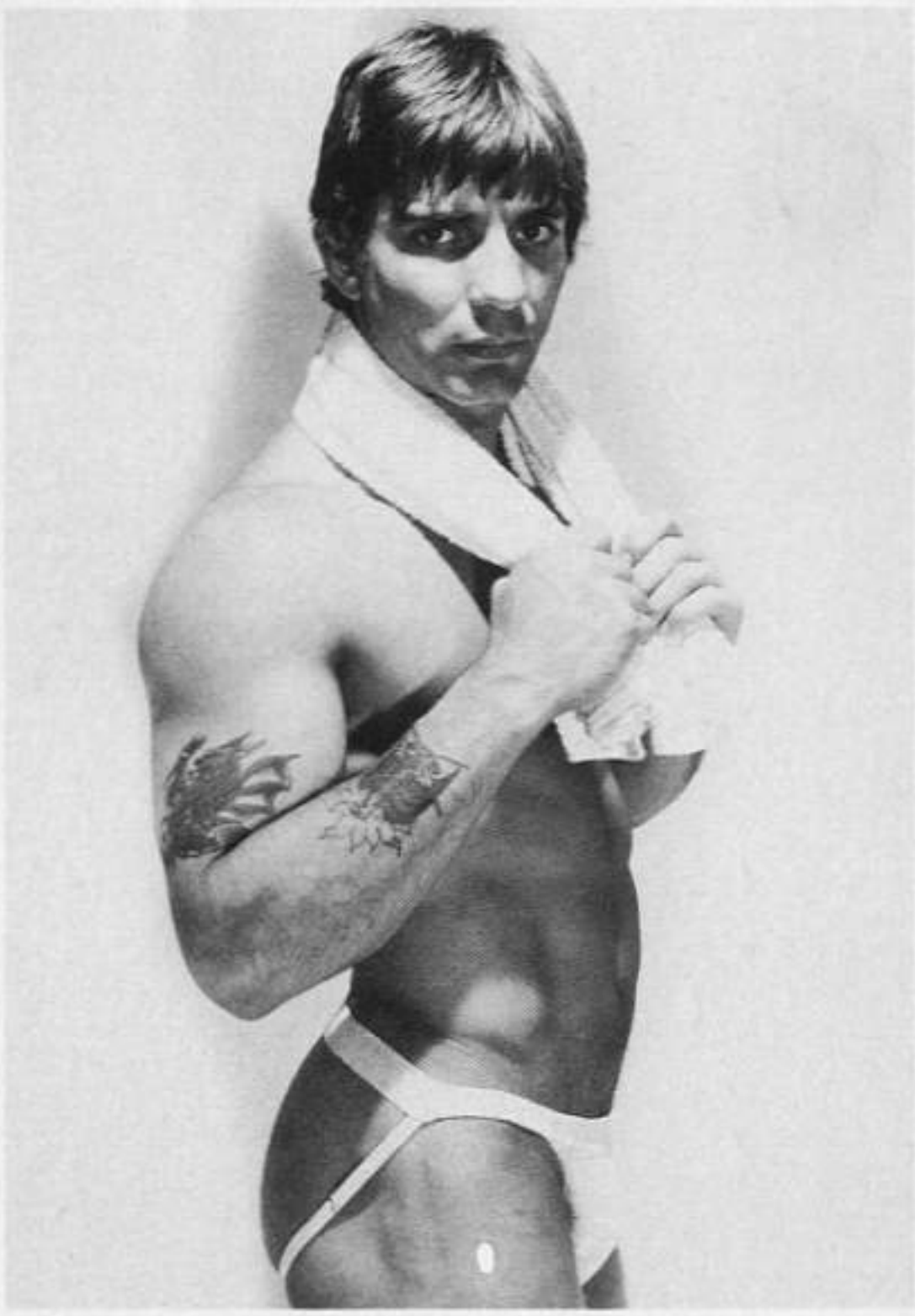


Photo by Michel Guillot

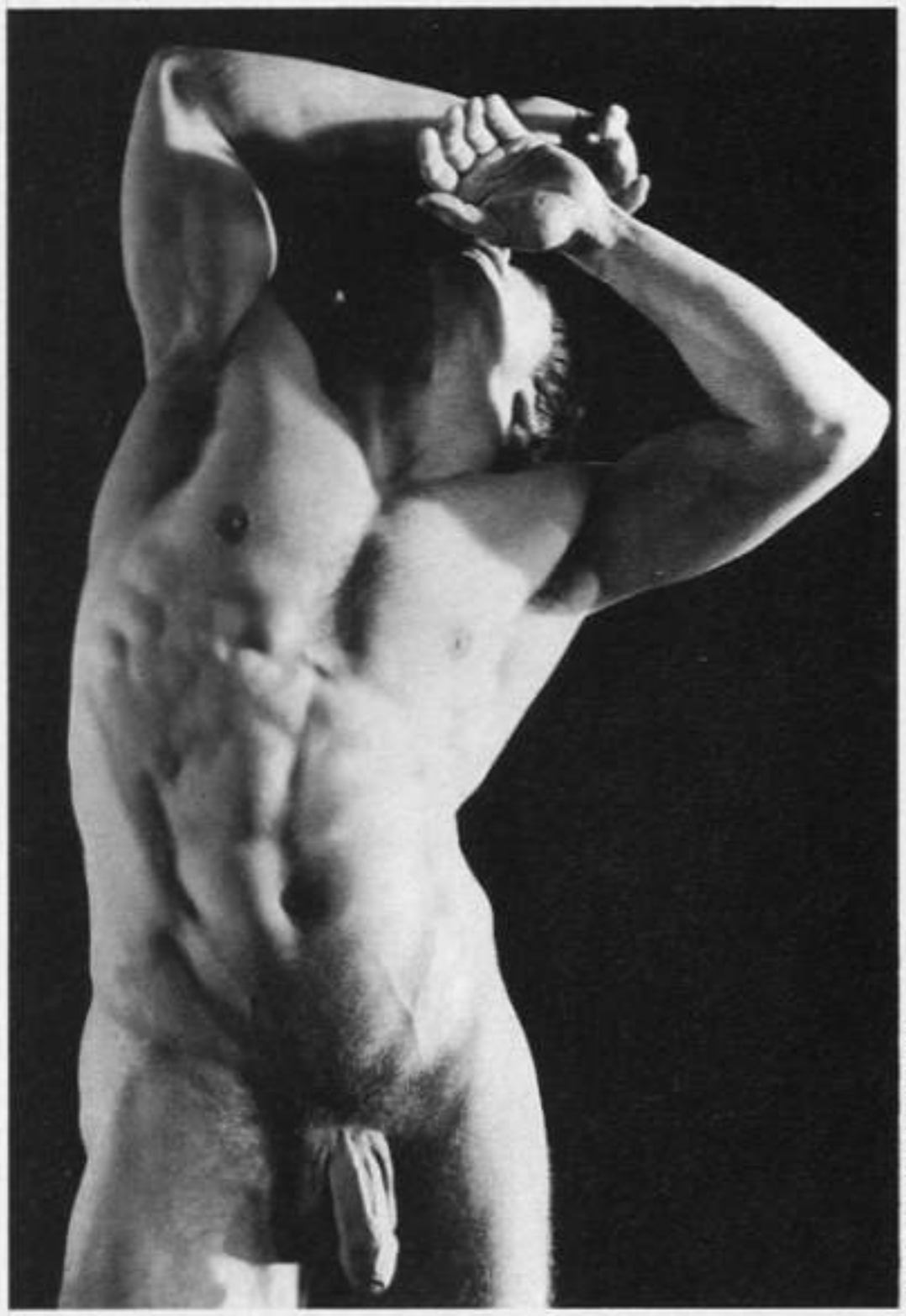


Photo by Michel Guillot

Hunky French porno star Jean Paul Doux is slated to lead the cast of Wallace Potts' new, as yet untitled, erotic sci-fi film.

circumcised," he persisted in a surprised tone of voice. Whether this is a criticism or not (I didn't ask) Wallace likes Paris and apparantly the French, although he admits the "gay life in Paris is not the same" (as in the States). "Gay life is very easy. I mean you can go through it quite quickly here. You know, I feel like I've fucked Paris."

— Peter Adams

AUKLAND

Gay life in Wellington has been given a boost by the opening of the Capital Strut Cabaret in Victoria Street. The Cabaret originally seems to have inherited its gay clientele from the former occupiers of its premises, Carmen's Balcony, which was a drag-strip-show and coffee house. Now, as the word has spread about the quality of the Capital Strut, it's become a popular meeting place at weekends for gays and hip straights.

Red Mole, the group which run it, devise all of their show scripts around a central theme: in June it was the "Arabian Nights." Everything from songs to bawdy tales in mime to savage political satire (usually directed at the Prime Minister and the Government) fits in with the prevailing theme, and the show has been so well received that there's a full house almost every night. After the show there's the usual dancing and drinking — and admission is a modest $2.50.

Now that winter has arrived, the entire season, too, is getting into gear with a wide variety of productions from the city's three main professional companies. For some reason, there seems to be a concentration on plays by gay authors or with gay themes. John van Druten's *I Am a Camera*, Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw*, Simon Gray's *Otherwise Engaged*, and New Zealand writer Gordon Dryland's *Fat Little Indians* have all been performed within the last couple of months.

But perhaps the favorite was Downstage Theatre's production of Shakespeare's rarely-performed early play, *Love's Labour's Lost*. Its plot centers on the problems of the gentlemen of the Court of Navarre, whose three-year vow of celibacy in the interests of study is sorely tested when the Princess of France and her ladies arrive. Anthony Taylor's production makes the most of hints in the text that the reason for keeping away from the ladies in the first place is that the men just aren't interested. As in most Shakespearean comedy, rarely does one of them touch the lady he's supposedly chasing—more often, they're exchanging gibes. But the men, interestingly outfitted in boots and tight pants with contrasting codpieces, are constantly lolling about on the stage, embracing one another, wrestling, falling on the nearest male shoulder with laughter. Anything, in fact, for a bit of physical contact. Needless to say, the result has been widely applauded in the gay community!

Gay overtones aside, this was still a joy of a production that made the most of the theatre. Downstage's home is the Hannah Playhouse (Courtesy Place in central Wellington), the interior of which can be completely altered to suit the play. In this case there was a prevailing feeling of airiness, with simple lighting, music played on a solo flute, and a bare stage with steps and boardwalks running around the walls high above the audience.

The other point to note about the Hannah is that its catering has recently been taken over by Pickwick Restaurant next door. For each production at Downstage half of the seats are sold in the usual way, and the other half are dinner-and-play seats (for $8.50): you watch the play from your table when you've finished your meal. (If anything, the dinnerseats are more comfortable than the conventional ones.) So, with its improved cooking Downstage promises to be even more successful than it has been previously, and well worth a visit.

— Linsay Taylor

AMSTERDAM

A Gay Rights Demonstration March by 3,000 people took place on June 25th in Amsterdam, as well as gay rights groups from other parts of Holland took part in the March. An interesting observation—many gay American tourists visiting Amsterdam at the time did not have the courage to take part. Might this indicate that the world outside of the USA is much more concerned for American Gay rights than American gays themselves?

A group of business-men and journalists are sponsoring a new organization, the *Foundation for Free Relation Rights*, to be based in Amsterdam. Already in operation from luxurious offices overlooking the Amstel River, it has a telex machine, secretaries, and an impressive network of contacts worldwide.

Its aim is to mainain a central information bureau which will be in daily contact around the world by telex, so that it will know immediately when anything anti-gay occurs. Action can be organized immediately and gay groups in other countries can, for example, be telexed to hold demonstration outside embassies, or to take other forms of action as seems appropriate to the situation.

The first major action of the new organization was to buy a whole page annuncement in the Miami Herald — headlined "A MESSAGE FROM THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND" and expressing sympathy with the gay fight for human rights. It was signed by many leading dutch dignitaries and politicians as well as Christian and Jewish Church leaders. To pay for the advertisement a concert is to be held at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam with Rod McKuen as one of the stars.

Many thousands of T-shirts printed with a facsimile of the announcement, in English, have been printed, and are on sale in gay bars in Amsterdam, or directly from the organization.

— John Stamford

LONDON

After all the splendor of the recent Jubilee celebrations, which continue in one form or another until the end of the year, it's a relief to get away from overcrowded London and down to the seaside resort of Brighton. Situated on the Sussex coast, no more than an hour by train from London's Victoria Station, Brighton is often refered to as the 'Queen of the South.' Certainly this pretty Regency town has much to offer — and part of the charm may be that Brighton can be viewed as an extension of London, with the added bonus of a beach and bracing air.

As 'Queen of the South,' it is hardly surprising that Brighton should be the gayest of Britain's holiday resorts. But don't be mislead, for though Brighton is an outrageous town (what could be more camp that Brighton Pavillion, built by King George IV — when he was still Prince Regent — as a pleasure palace), it is also fairly discreet.

There are at least two discos and one bar which are every bit as enjoyable as anything in London. All three of these places are situated within the same block on the seafront, so once one is found, there

should be no problems with the others. *The New Curtain Club* (Kings Road) is located in a basement and has to be carefully searched for. The club, strictly members only but friendly to overseas visitors, is open from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m. (though it doesn't fill up until the pubs close). There are three bars, a dance floor, and lots of attractive people. *The Palace* is a few yards along from The New Curtain Club, in the basement of *The Palace Pier Hotel*. It isn't a club and admission is very low, though it costs more on weekends. As it is, technically, attached to the Hotel, The Palace has a 2 a.m. drinks license during the summer. Both places attract a mixed — but predominately young — crowd, who seem far friendlier than the usual disco crowds to be found in London.

Between these two discos is the *New Hart in Hand* (Kings Road at the corner of East Sreet). This is a large pub complex with several bars and a very friendly atmosphere — an ideal spot from which to start the evening. Another of Brighton's famous gay pubs is *The Spotted Dog* (Middle Street.) It is interesting to note that there has been a pub called The Spotted Dog in Brighton since the Eighteenth century. (Even then it was much frequented by soldiers whom, one may surmise, probably didn't mind making a penny or two from an older gentleman.)

Brighton is well worth visiting for either a day or a long weekend. The town has a wide range of good restaurants, several small gay hotels (buy a copy of *Gay News* for information on these), and is often the stopping off point for shows about to go onto Shaftesbury Avenue.

London summer openings include *Lionel*, a musical created from the works of Lionel Bart, at the New London Theatre in Drury Lane. Bart's sixties musicals — *Oliver, Blitz, Fings Ain't Wot They Used To Be* and *Maggie May* — were so good it's depressing to note, in this show, how few memorable songs he really did write. But the company work hard, and the show does have the odd moment of lift. Lindsay Kemp and his troupe appear to have found a permanent home the Broadway Theatre in Maida Vale, where his very gay *Salome* — all near nude bodies and stunning visual effects — continues to draw admiring crowds. At the time of writing, London is eagerly anticipating the opening of Divine in *Women Behind Bars* (Whitehall Theatre).

— Peter Burton

SYDNEY

The U.S. has Christopher Isherwood, Britain has Robin Maugham, and Australia's top gay writer is country-born Frank Moorhouse — a highly respected ("one of the most assured craftsmen and original writers of fiction in Australian today . . ." *The Australian*) and prolific (*The Americans, Baby; The Electric Experience; Tales of Mystery and Romance; Conference-Ville*) writer.

His works have received critical acclaim both in Australia and abroad, and his outspoken views make him a popular guest on radio and TV shows. Of all Australia's writers, he is the first not only to use homosexual characters in his stories, but to present them in a non-stereotype way. I asked him: "Why do you think other writers have avoided—and still do—doing this, and why do you do it?"



Photo by Martin Smith

"I belong to the 'social realism' school of writing," Frank says, "which believes you write about what you know. My homosexuality was always there. God knows, it caused enough inner turmoil, given my State School background. I was able, on the typewriter, to write the turmoil out of me. But as I developed and practiced the precepts of social realism, I found that the literary magazines started publishing some of my stories and cutting parts out of them without consulting me. When I complained about this, they talked about printers. 'They wouldn't print it.' And they talked about 'good taste.' All the stock responses.

"As for other Australian writers, they were writing — virtually into the 1970s — with a fear of mentioning sexuality, all sorts of sexuality, because of censorship. Many of them, too, sadly enough, talked about questions of 'good taste.' They said stupid things like 'You can convey more by a row of dots.' or 'This is not a fit subject for writing.'

"So there was a generation of writers who were just closing themselves off. Seaforth McKenzie, in a book called *The Young Desirer*, which is about a schoolteacher in love with a young student, probably was the only writer who tried. I can imagine all the criticism he got from the publishers, editors, friends, warning of not to do this and not to do that. So I came along, and the social climate was better."

Frank was born in 1938, in the southern New South Wales coastal town of Nowra. He is the youngest of three sons of a very successful manufacturer of farm equipment. He was in the Cubs, the Scouts, a School Captain, 'all those things.' In sports, he was a very good footballer and senior athletics champion. "It was," says Frank, "a typical bourgeois experience, in the sense that I came from a well-off family."

Frank came to Sydney at 17, fresh from school, to start as a "cadet journalist" — copy-boy — at the *Daily Telegraph*. "I was reading tough writers like Hemingway, or someone like that, because I'd come out of that straight State School system with tremendous emphasis on the straight. Looking back, I think that was a rather destructive influence on me. The Australian school system, the concept of boyhood, manhood—what it does is cut out all options. It cuts down *your* options."

The overseas reviews of his current book, *'Tales of Mystery and Romance*, all contain the word "homosexual." Is he surprised at this? Or is it autobiographical? ("It's definitely imaginative writing.") Does he see it as a gay novel? *Is* there such a thing as a gay novel?

"I don't know if there is," Frank says. "I don't think in those terms."

What mistakes, if any, does he think the gay liberation movement has made in Australia? "I think it's been very effective," Frank observes. "If I have one criticism, it's been how activists have 'put down' effeminate male homosexuals, demonstrative (other than politically) homosexuals. This is exactly what many Ockers do. Both are doing the wrong thing, both the Ocker and the anti-effeminate gays."

Frank is currently working on the screenplays for his *The Americans, Baby*, to be produced in Australia by Dusan Markaveav. Frank doesn't have a life plan, but if he was granted a wish, it would be to see his work published in the New Yorker magazine. He'd prefer that, he says, to even winning the Nobel Prize for Literature.

— Martin Smith

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(continued from page 13)

Parton capped off all cabaret engagements this month when she hit the Bottom Line, discovering to her surprise that she had an especially gay following. To whom she replied: "I guess a lot of my popularity with gays is my gaudy, flashy appearance . . . and they like to have a good time. I guess that's why they call them gay . . ." Love that Dolly!

Of course, New York is the dance capitol of the world, now enjoying a burst of ballet and modern as never seen before. The shaky Martha Graham company solidifies itself each season into a major American troupe. This year's major revivals, including "Primitive Rituals," have taken the critics by storm. Then, of course, Baryshnikov's been in town with his new "Nutcracker" for American Ballet Theatre.

Jeff Duncan's "The Glade" has had a brief revival recently, which I missed. Sorry. "The Glade" has been called a landmark gay pas de deux (with a happy ending yet!), critically recognized in the press. Intriguing? Certainly this piece deserves more exposure.

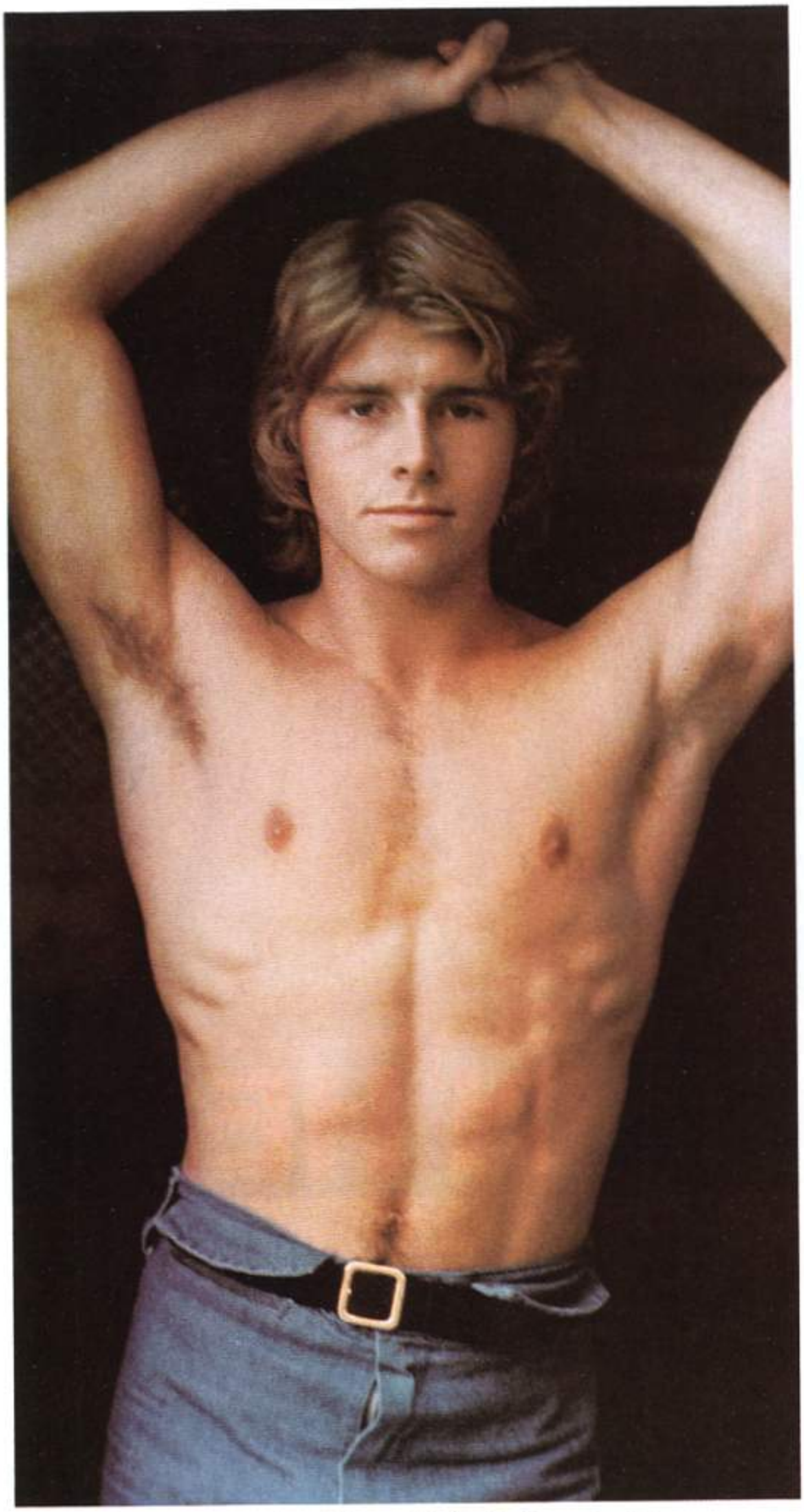
It was great to see Barry Bostwick get a Tony this year. While



The Robber Bridegroom's Barry Bostwick.

Robber Bridegroom, though, was more of a peanut patty. City Opera's *L'Histoire du Soldat* in which Barry was Stravinsky's hero seduced by the red hot devil, was fascinating. Charles Ludlam's Theatrical Ridiculous Company presented a spectacular revision of Wagner's *Ring Cycle* with Lola-Lola as Brunhilde — unforgettable. *Vieux Carre*, Tennessee Williams' latest, was essentially a gay rehash of earlier themes and proved just how repressed the poor soul really was back then. It closed quickly, an embarrassment, except for Sylvia Sidney's boozy portrayal of a New Orleans landlay. Finally, Albert Innaurato's *Gemini* came to Broadway, about gay trauma in Catholic Southern Philly, and although the

(continued on page 86)



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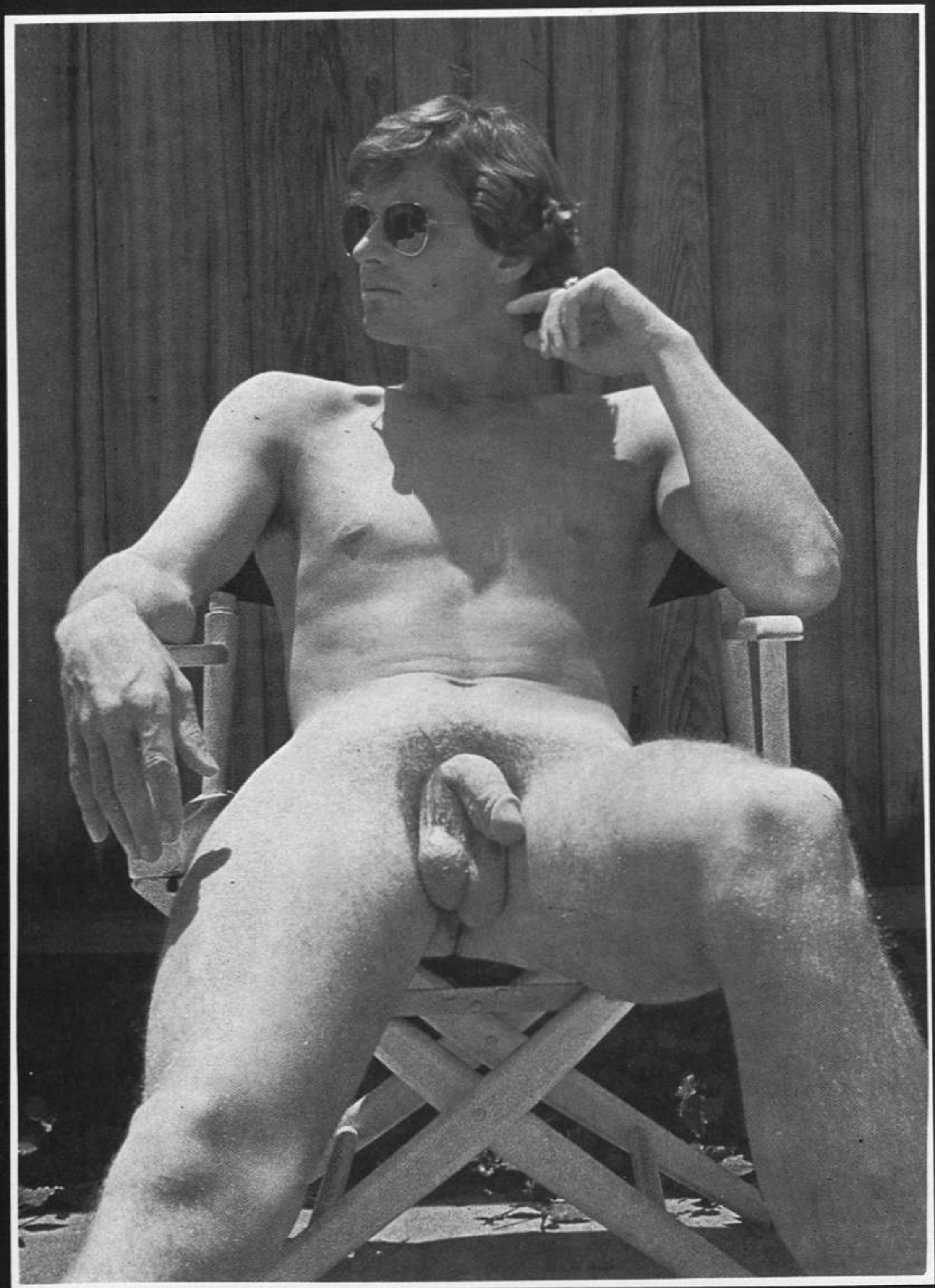
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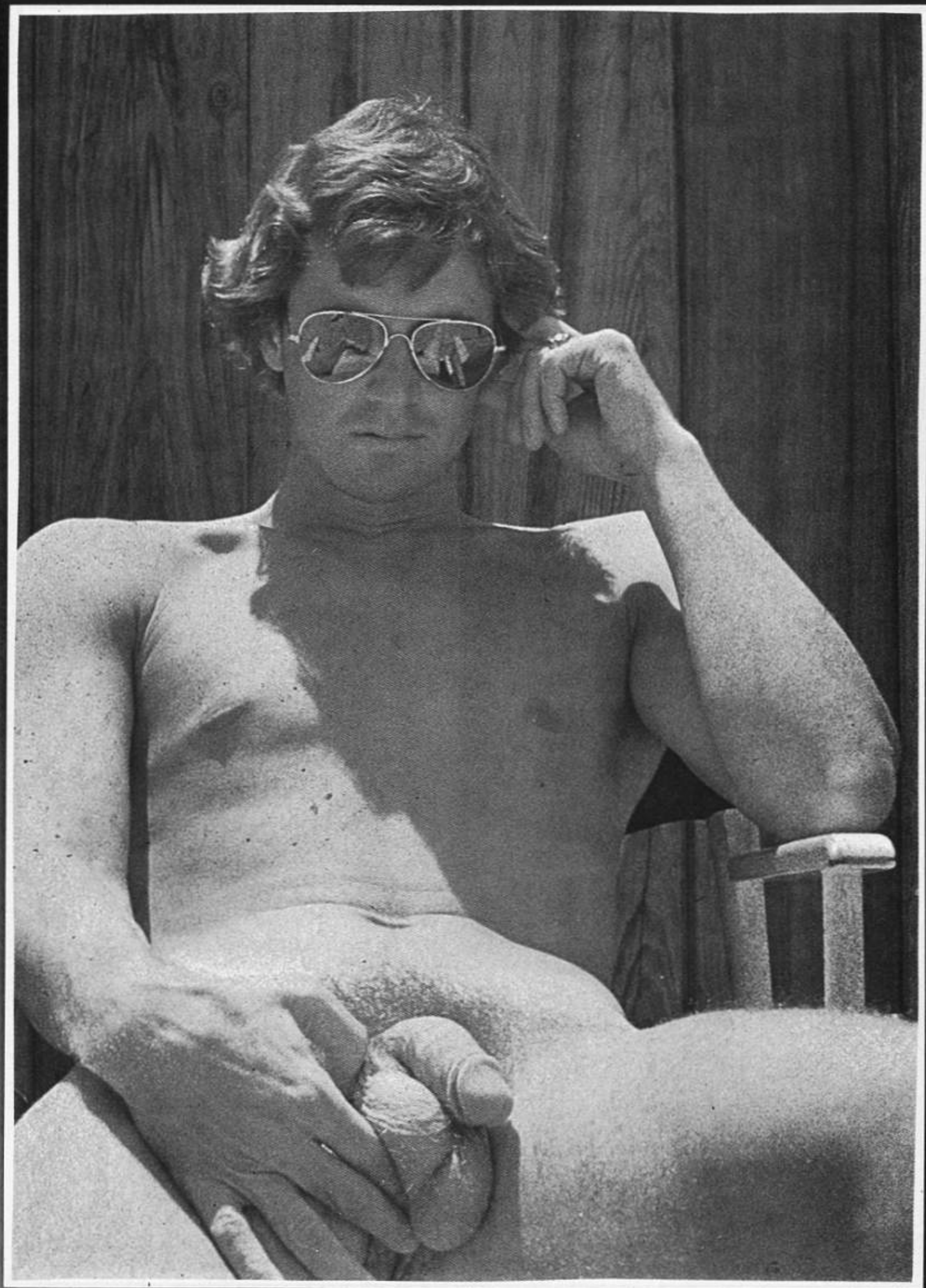
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JAMES WILLIAMS

What do you do when you're 23 and college is out for the summer? If you're Scott Lanson, you pack up your trusty Challenger convertible, wave farewell to the University of Arizona, and spend the summer cruising up and down the Pacific coast, making friends and having fun.



Scott's a 6'2", 180-pound Cancer—easy going, with a personality as effervescent as a glass of Alka Seltzer and an active interest in whatever's newest and most exciting. Born and raised in Arizona, Scott relaxes by refurbishing '70 and '71 Challenger convertibles for fun and profit. He's also into photography and sound-and-light design for discos. Whatever spare time he has left, he spends in designing and re-designing his dream house. He doesn't have anyone to share it with at the moment, but when he's ready, that little detail should be no problem at all . . . .











CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

Elizabethan Gay



He was born in the same year as Shakespeare. At the time of his death he was a more accomplished and distinguished author than Shakespeare. He was a man of elegance and learning, close to the highest nobility. He was one of the great forces toward the civilizing of Elizabethan England, with the introduction of a courtly language derived from Renaissance Italy. When he was 25 he was arrested for his part in a duel which ended in the death of another man. When he was 29 he was stabbed to death in a tavern in Deptford, a waterfront district near London. His name was Christopher Marlowe.

Kit Marlowe's life is veiled by a number of mysteries. He was almost refused his M.A. degree because he was suspected of intriguing with the Catholic party in France, but was finally given the degree after royal intervention. He shared rooms with playwright Thomas Kyd in 1591, but, two years later, when Kyd was arrested, he denounced Marlowe and accused him of atheism and homosexuality. As a result of this episode, would-be defenders of Marlowe have long felt obliged to deny these charges and to insist that they were a mere invention of Kyd's. Finally, Marlowe's death has been attributed to a fight over a bill, to a fight over a bawd (male or female), and to a a political intrigue connected with the future James I, son of Mary, Queen of Scots.

If Marlowe's life seems confused, his career is even more obscure. Better known than Shakespeare at the time of his death, a source of inspiration for a number of Shakespeare's works (*Dido, Queen of Carthage* contributed to Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra, Edward II* influenced several of the history plays, and *Hero and Leander* may well have influenced Shakespeare's poem *Venus and Adonis*), Marlowe now often seems little more than a footnote in literary

history. One of the principal reasons for this neglect is his reputation for immorality, which had begun even before Marlowe's death. English professors have never felt at ease with the exuberant arrogance of Marlowe's language, with his version of the Faust legend (in which Faust is clearly more human and more sympathetic than the forces of good) or, least of all, with the blatant homosexualiy that runs through most of his works.

The Elizabethans were the first culture since ancient Greece to have institutionalized and made respectable homosexual relationships. The artists and poets of this period celebrated male beauty in their works and treated, comically, tragically, or lyrically, the love between men and the love between man and boy. With the victory of the Puritan party, however, all of this seemed abominable and unnatural, and the works in praise of male love which could not be suppressed were neglected. Others were "interpreted", and students were assured that Shakespeare's sonnets addressed to a young man were merely expressions of a "friendship convention" while Marlowe's use of homosexual subjects was due to the influence of classical mythology or historical fact. Marlowe, more than anyone else, has resisted this travesty because his works are so deeply committed to a celebration of the life of passion, which for him included the love of a pretty boy.

He did not really try to conceal his preferences. Indeed, he thumbed his nose at Puritan respectability. "All they that love not tobacco and boys," he is reported to have said, "are fools!" And his joy in male love led him even to what was for the time — an age of religious enthusiasm — an almost inconceivable blasphemy, asserting that Christ and St. John ("the beloved disciple") were lovers: Kyd stated, "He would report St. John to be our Savior Christ's Alexis" (alluding to the myth of Corydon, one of the most famous of homosexual love stories), "that is, that Christ did love him with an extraordinary love."

But one need not rely upon such second-hand accounts for the evidence of Marlowe's views. It is there, in his poetry and plays, for any reader to see. And there is every indication that the present age will restore Marlowe to a position much like that he held in his lifetime — if not Shakespeare's equal in terms of totality of completed work, at least his peer when single works are compared. *Edward II* seems likely to be rediscovered as a play for our century. Shakespeare will always seem more profound — he is our Beethoven — but Marlowe seems indubitably the greater poet of love, dashing, headstrong, and brilliant. The warmth and grandeur of his imagination have rarely been equalled.

Marlowe's first work, which he never completed, was his long poem, *Hero and Leander*, which recounts the love of young Leander for the priestess Hero who lives on the other side of the Hellespont. Several points are worth remarking in this delightful poem. First, it is Hero



who seduces Leander and not the other way around. She is called "Venus' nun", which was Elizabethan slang for a prostitute (compare Hamlet's "get thee to a nunnery"), and her sexual prowess is wittily compared with the innocence of the bumpkin Leander. He "as a brother with his sister toyed,/ supposing nothing else was to be done" and somehow "suspected/ Some amorous rites or other were neglected." As he lies still, she does all the work until he is about to come, whereupon "Like to the tree of Tantalus she fled,/ And, seeming lavish, saved her maidenhead." It must be one of English literature's first descriptions of woman as cock-teaser!

The other extraordinary thing about Hero and Leander is the homosexual subplot which Marlowe has invented and added to the familiar story. There is virtually no description of Hero, but Leander is lavishly described: "Even as delicious meat is to the taste,/ So was his neck in touching." His breast is smooth, his belly white; he is in fact so beautiful that "Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,/ For in his looks were all that men desire." His beauty brings him into a wonderfully funny encounter with Neptune, who mistakes him for Ganymede, the cup-bearer and beloved boy of Jupiter (or Jove). While Leander is swimming toward Hero, "The lusty god embraced him, called him love,/ And swore he never should return to Jove." Leander tries to escape the underwater embraces of Neptune, exclaiming innocently, "You are deceived, I am no woman, I." But this will not dissuade Neptune who, in Marlowe's version, knows his gay mythology.

The character, and particularly the physical description, of Leander was probably based on the Earl of Southampton. It was also to him that Shakespeare dedicated his sonnets at about the same time and whom he probably used as the model of his Adonis. Southampton was the leader of a group of court poets which almost certainly included Shakespeare and Marlowe and even now appears, from his portrait, to have been a particularly ravishing young man, of androgynous allure. His long golden hair gave rise to Marlowe's lines: "His dangling tresses that were never shorn,/ Had they been cut and unto Colchos borne,/ Would have allured the venturous youth to Greece/ To hazard more than for the Golden Fleece."

Marlowe used the same strategy and the same stories in his first play, *Dido*, based on the story of Dido and Aeneas in the *Aeneid*. This play introduces one of Marlowe's most important themes: the conflict between the demands of love and those of duty. Unlike most versions of the myth, Marlowe emphasized the role of the suffering queen abandoned by her adventuring lover, and lacked Virgil's assurance that history at least was well served. Marlowe's imagination foreshadows an operatic vision in which passion is proclaimed over the interests of the state. Into the great story of heterosexual love Marlowe inserts another story of love, this one not tragic but comic,

the story of Jupiter and Ganymede. When the curtains opened, the Elizabethan audience was no doubt amused to discover "Jupiter dangling Ganymede upon his knee". Jupiter's wife, Juno, is a menacing presence but offers no real alternative to the sensual delight of gentle Ganymede: Juno's jewels that she "wore upon her marriage day" are offered to Ganymede, who replies: "I would have a jewel for mine ear,/ And a fine brooch to put in my hat,/ And then I'll hug with you an hundred times." At this moment Venus enters to discover Jupiter "playing with that female wanton boy," as she puts it. Marlowe was fully aware of the conflicting claims of the love of boys and the love of women, and fully gave his preference to the former. At the same time he was no idealist — in fact, there is considerable cynicism in Marlowe — and seems to have been familiar with the petulant demands of kept boys.

From a gay point of view, the most interesting of Marlowe's plays is *Edward II*, the story of the king who was executed for his "sodomy" and his beloved Piers (or Pierce) Gaveston, the low-born young man who he names "Lord High Chamberlain,/ Chief Secretary to the State and me,/ Earl of Cornwell, King and Lord of Man." Edward's action is clearly rash from a political point of view; a single lesser appointment would be more politic. But like Marlowe's other great heroes, Tamburlaine the Great and Dr. Faustus, he is a man of excess, a man ruled by what has been called *l'amour impossible*, a man for whom no sacrifice, even finally that of his throne and his life, is too great for love. From the beginning he says to his rivals and eventual murders:

If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

And when Mortimer asks, "Why should you love him whom the world hates so?" the King answers simply. "Because he loves me more than all the world."

Edward II is the world's greatest play of homosexual love and one of the greatest tragedies of a man who dies for love. The story of Edward was not invented by Marlowe; it is historical fact, found in Holinshed's *Chronicles*, the same source Shakespeare used for his histories. But Marlowe changed the emphasis significantly; it is he who made it a love story and created out of Gaveston a sympathetic character. Edward perhaps loves Gaveston too much and too little wisely; anything less would be less than love, Marlowe seems to suggest. And Gaveston loves Edward. It is untrue to claim, as many critics have, that Gaveston



is an evil opportunist. If he "uses" the King, it is only to awaken love in him and to pull him away from the duties of state. As in *Dido*, it is clear that Marlowe's sympathies lie primarily with the world of love; how could it be otherwise when the world of state is identified with Edward's traitorous wife and her murderous allies? Edward's tragedy, for Marlowe, was that he was a King, and that Kings may not love.

Gaveston's opening lines are a remarkable tribute to the extent and power of his love for Edward:

Sweet prince, I come . . .
The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold so dear —
The king, upon whose bosom let me lie.

Gaveston is compared to Leander and Ganymede; his place in Marlowe's pantheon of beloved young men is clear. But in this mature work the theme is no longer treated comically. It is now clear that the world will not tolerate such a love, for it is inherently opposed to the interests of society. It seeks personal pleasure first and is willing to forswear the whole world for the sake of passionate love. Over and over, Edward expresses his willingness to give all up if only he can be allowed happiness with Gaveston. Marlowe's position derives in part from his atheism, for he has the King declare as he faces his death without emotion, "Of this I am assured,/ That death ends all, and I can die but once." The King's death is particularly horrible, making the play especially difficult to stage. A red-hot poker was inserted into his anus, and his entrails were burned out; the punishment has a medieval sense of equity and symbolism, for his death was a symbolic re-enactment of his crime, sodomy. Marlowe makes of Edward the first martyr for homosexual love, and one of English literature's most passionate and human heroes.

Like his hero Edward, Marlowe never recanted. In his indictment in May of 1593 he was accused of saying, "The first beginning of religion was only to keep men in awe" and "all Protestants are hypocritical asses." He probably said those things, or worse. He was a constant gadfly, a man who spoke the truth as he saw it and one who vastly enjoyed life in an age of piety and courtly manners. He could be as elegant as any fawning courtier, but he could take nothing seriously except the human thirst for self-expression. His works are among the truest and the noblest products of the English Renaissance. They convey the grandeur, the daring, and the magnificent egotism of that epoch.

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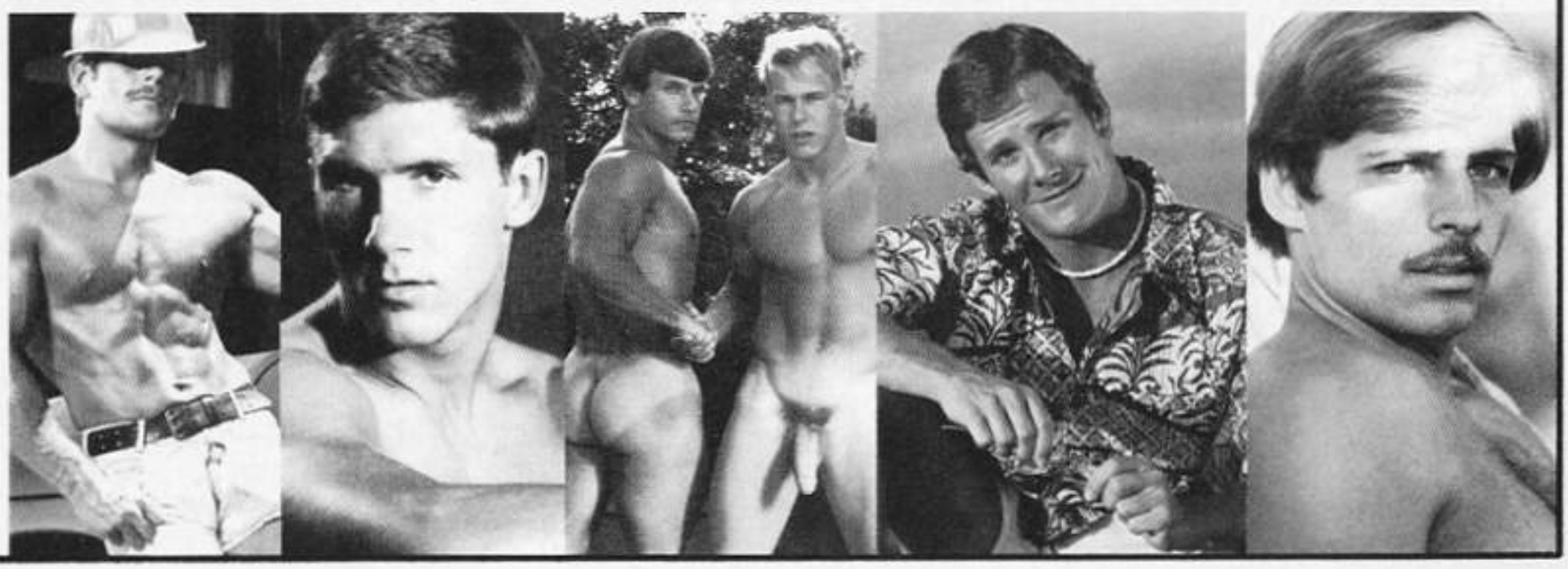
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BLANCHE, SCARLETT, & ME

(continued from page 23)

in my back seat in a flimsy chiffon dress.

"Fiddlesticks!" Scarlett retorted impatiently. There sat Scarlett O'Hara, in a tailored 1870's outfit, next to Blanche.

"Blanche, you act like a mealy-mouthed little virgin!"

"Oh!" The word 'virgin' caused Blanche to gasp. "Although I might not be what some people refer to as a technical virgin, I AM a virgin at heart—pure at heart. And as for that out-dated phrase 'mealy-mouthed', well it. . ."

"Don't bore me with your drivel now — what about him?" She nodded in my direction without looking at me. "We've got to see him through this mess. It's because of characters — fictional characters like us — that he got us in this fix in the first place!"

"So be it!" Blanche replied. "Now, what *would* be the best solution for his deploring situation? I think the boy should stay put in Atlanta! He obviously doesn't love this Alvin person, so why move in with him?"

"For his career, ninny!" Scarlett cried. "Why the price of a really good writer ought to go sky high! Just think of all that money he could make!"

"But he would be in bondage — to a stranger!"

Scarlett's eyes sharpened. "And wasn't it *you* who always depended on the kindness of strangers?"

"Exactly!" Blanche clapped her hands emphatically. "And look at me! Shuttled off to a sanitarium before I had even peaked!"

"Well, I never married for love," Scarlett said in a pleased, superior voice, "and I didn't do so badly."

"That hideous gingerbread mansion you wound up in might just as well have been my sanitarium. You too were deserted, dearie," Blanche returned demurely.

"*That* was before they began writing *my sequal!*" Scarlett stuck her tongue out at Blanche.

"Ladies, please! What about me?" I cried.

After a few moments of bickering, they calmed down. Blanche said to do it — only if I couldn't turn up with a better offer during the remaining two week interim period. Scarlett agreed, adding "But you're a fool if you don't take him up on it."

During the following two weeks, I became more and more confused about the situation. It wasn't until I was enroute to the airport to pick up Alvin that I heard another voice — my own, I would like to think — say, "Be yourself!"

As soon as we returned to my place, I headed straight for the grass, rolling umpteen joints.

"Gosh, I hope I've got enough to do me through the weekend," I said, nonchalantly.

His plain scarred face was plain scared for an instant. "I've come in contact with this before. I hang around a lots of artists-types, you know."

I felt sure he was confusing marijuana with rabbit tobacco. During the following 48 hours, I was filled with doubts and misgivings and didn't hold back a one. For once, I was grateful to have a moon and ascendant in Virgo. It sure came in handy! The highlight of the weekend was a trip to Wig Villa — Alvin needed a retread. I sat quietly in a corner while an older man donning a white toupe showed Alvin a few $49.95 specials.

"I need something that won't blow in the wind so much," Alvin complained.

"Oh! Well, you need something without a part. You want what we call our Bobby Vinton look," the older man said.

Meanwhile, Alvin sat there, au natural. And what a disgusting sight it was, too. It was uglier than I had ever imagined!

The older man turned to me and quipped, "Hair pieces really do make a difference, don't they?"

I smiled in silent agreement.

"Gracious!" Alvin exclaimed, a la Jethro Clampett. "This here wig don't look right on me. I look like Harpo Marx in this thing."

"Oh, I don't know," I couldn't resist. "I'd say it was more like Pet Clark . . ."

Alvin didn't seem to hear me. Instead, he said to the man, "I hope this thing ain't got any human hair in it! I can just wash and dry my old one right along with my other clothes."

At this point I stood up and walked out onto Peachtree Street. I calmly drove home, packed up all of Alvin's belongings and placed them out on the curb, the way a person might discard a ruined sofa. I locked my door, took the phone off the hook and smoked so much dope that I slept for 18 hours.

The next morning, as I made my way to the unemployment office, I noticed Alvin's things had been picked up, presumably by him, for I've never heard from him since.

(continued from page 25)

demned to death. Nolte played the young homosexual, and he found the experience meaningful. "This was the first time I'd ever really seen Inge expose that psyche so blatantly. That was four years ago, and of course Bill committed suicide a few minutes before we opened, so we got a big emotional rush for the play."

More theater followed. *Luther*, the role of Biff in *Death of a Salesman*. Then some modeling. (He can still be seen on a box of hair coloring.) After seventeen years of acting, he was suddenly a star. He isn't all thrilled by the fact. "It's all bullshit. Except for the leeway it gives me with Redford or McQueen or whomever else they want," he says beligerently. "I'm not interested in being a celebrity. I want to be a good actor. The thing about coming up the hard way is that it's given me a chance to shape my values."

ever. He developed an ear infection and was stung by several jellyfish. There was also an unrehearsed run-in with a shark. "It had more teeth than Jimmy Carter," Nick can smile now. At one point, Jackie Bissett accidentally knocked off Nick's mask and regulator. At 15 fathoms down, as a novice diver, that's pretty serious. "There's no doubt about it," Nick quips, "Jackie was trying to kill me." Retorts Jackie: "I had to do something to get some attention away from those blue eyes. I was getting tired of having to pull down the zipper on my wet suit."

Nolte's success in *The Deep* has won him legions of new fans who are eagerly awaiting his next movie, *Dog Soldiers*, in which he co-stars with Tuesday Weld and Michael Moriarty. After that, Nick will begin making pictures for his own production company, which he formed with his agent, Mimi Weber.



©1977 by Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc.

Nolte takes such minor obstacles as learning to scuba dive for his role in "The Deep" in stride.

He keeps his sanity amid movie madness by retreating to his sprawling ranch 50 miles North of Los Angeles, where he lives with his girlfriend of six years, Karen Ecklund, and dozens of dogs, cats, horses and laying hens. "When I'm out in the country I feel like I have a creative continuance. Out here I can always be doing something: building walls, fixing an old car or tearing the house down and building it back up again."

A very physical man, Nolte had few problems learning to scuba-dive (something he had never done before) for his role in *The Deep*. There were a few problems, however. He developed an ear infection and was stung by several jellyfish. There was also an unrehearsed run-in with a shark. "It had more teeth than Jimmy Carter," Nick can smile now. At one point, Jackie Bissett accidentally knocked off Nick's mask and regulator. At 15 fathoms down, as a novice diver, that's pretty serious. "There's no doubt about it," Nick quips, "Jackie was trying to kill me." Retorts Jackie: "I had to do something to get some attention away from those blue eyes. I was getting tired of having to pull down the zipper on my wet suit."

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His fans probably could: a sexy, hunky guy who's going to light up movie screen for a long time to come.

— Jim Spada

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Larry Kert

by Lee Melville

Larry Kert is a survivor. It's been twenty years since *West Side Story* opened on Broadway and he sang "Maria", a song that has gone down in musical comedy annals as one of the all-time greats. Every male singer since, from Johnny Mathis on, has included it in his repretoire at one time or another, but Larry was the first to "scream my lungs out" doing the number.

Today, he still possess a trim, tightly-muscled body. He exudes an immediate warmth with his boyish smile and relaxed charm; yet there is a mature solidity, and even openness, that comes with confidence. He appears to be on top of it — both of himself and of the world around him.

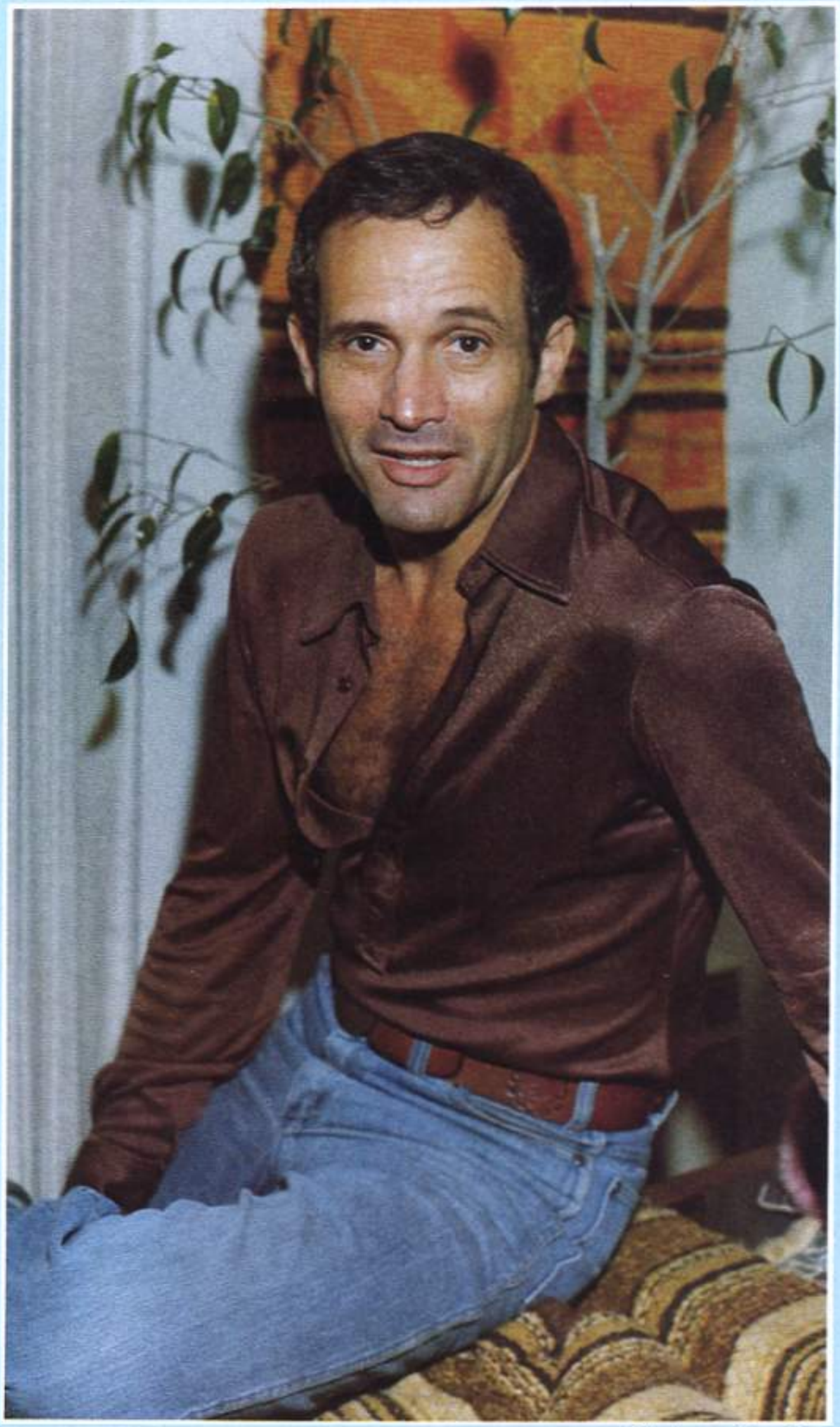
He has worked continuously — on stage, cross-country road tours, London or summer stock; in night clubs from New York to Tokyo; in TV, everything from Johnny Carson to "Love, American Style" to "Kojak"; and in movies. Mentioning the last media brings sharp pangs to him right now.

Just weeks before it opened, Larry Kert was cut out of "New York, New York". The musical number he was featured in with Liza Minnelli, a $1.2 million spectacle, was neatly trimmed from the film's released version. Where "NY, NY" ends now, with Liza singing the title song, originally there was an additionl scene showing Robert DeNiro entering a movie theatre and seeing Liza (and Larry) on the screen in a big production number, a movie within a movie. It may be put back in the European version, and possibly made into a seventeen-minute short, but the pain is still there.

"It's like an open wound," Larry sighs. "It's not like a personal ego trip because the entire number was cut, not just me. But the weeks worked on that thing — and the money they spent — well, now I'm a member of the cutting-room floor."

The value of the experience cannot be denied. "It was great working with DeNiro, Liza, Martin Scorsese, Ron Field," Larry says. "Liza is incredible — she reminds me of Judy more in this film than ever before. She has the best qualities of Judy."

Being the survivor that he is, Larry spent little time moaning the loss, and, in fact, had lunch with Scorsese just a few days after the announcement. Scorsese told Larry he was sending him a script for his next film, so perhaps his chance at movie stardom is just delayed.



Photos by Gary Farr

Whatever his future in film, Larry plans to stay in California. He opens in San Francisco in the revival of *Irma La Douce* in September, after an earlier run in Los Angeles.

"The reason I'm out here is to stretch," he says. "I feel ripe — I think I'm peaking right now. I feel like I've taken an upper rather than a quaalude. I'm a theatre name, but now I want to have a name in

television and film."

Larry's Beachwood Drive apartment is just around the corner from where he grew up. He went to three high schools, including Hollywood High, but got most of his education on the MGM lot (among his classmates was Elizabeth Taylor). He was stand-in for Roddy McDowall, but had no desire to be a child star. In fact, he was quite an athlete until he contracted polio, which laid him up for six months and ended his athletic career. He turned to music and joined the school glee club, which started his love for singing.

"But I still love athletics," Larry quips. "I'm quite a gymnast."

He workes out at the Fitness Institute in Los Angeles and can do a standing back flip. This agility comes in handy for many roles, such as the musical version of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, in which he did many acrobatics.

After attending Los Angeles City College, he joined a singing group, The Upstarts, which led to an offer as a production singer for a revue at the Copacabana in New York at $150 per week.

"I went to my folks about it and they said 'follow your heart' — which may have been the best advice I've ever received," he says. "They were so understanding. My sister had already started her career, so my parents knew if they tried to stop me, they would have regretted it later."

Larry's sister is noted band singer and recording artist Anita Ellis, now semi-retired. She was one of Hollywood's secret vocalists, singing "Put the Blame on Mame" for Rita Hayworth in *Gilda*, among others. Anita and Larry have just recorded their first album together, a tribute to the late Johhny Mercer.

After the stint at the Copa, Larry did a revue called *Tickets, Please*, and seven Broadway shows in eight years. He laughs, recalling, "I became the best chorus boy on Broadway. I never had an acting lesson, a singing lesson, or a dancing lesson. Broadway became my classroom."

He fluctuated back and forth between L.A. and N.Y., and one time, while on the West Coast, he landed a job as one of the chorus boys behind Marilyn Monroe in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. He remembers her as a nice person, but very private. "She looked incredible," he says, "and took the time to know us all by name. I remember, after shooting finished, we all lined up in front of her dressing room door and she sat on the stoop and autographed 11 x 14 photos of herself for each one of us. I still have it."

The events leading up to Larry being signed for the male lead in *West Side Story* sound like a Busby Berkley movie script. Larry was in the chorus of *Mr. Wonderful*, in which Chita Rivera was featured. She came in one day screaming she was cast as Anita in this new musical and told Larry they were looking for actors to play the leaders of two rival gangs. He auditioned for both roles and was called back several times.

"I was a wreck!" he remembers. "They were all very enthusiastic, Jerry Robbins loved me, everyone seemed very high on me. They finally said, 'listen, you're absolutely wonderful, but we don't know where to place you for the show. Sorry'."

Stephen Sondheim was impressed with Larry's auditions. (Sondheim was making his Broadway debut with *West Side Story*, writing the lyrics.) A few days later, he caught an industrial show Larry was doing.



"One of those things you do at 8:30 in the morning," Larry groans. "I was doing a calypso, yelling my brains out. Quantity, no quality."

Afterwards, Sondheim raced backstage, excitedly exclaiming he didn't know Larry could sing that high. He told him he didn't regularly sing above a G, but Sondheim insisted he was hitting an A flat, and said he wanted him to audition again, but this time for Tony, the lead.

"He really had to push to get me the audition," Larry says with marked candor. "Finally, I got a call to come in, and they gave me the sheet music to 'Maria', and I sang it — nervously. I mean, me, a chorus boy singing Leonard Bernstein music, auditioning for the role of the year. Everybody wanted to play Tony."

Carol Lawrence was there that day, and she and Larry had one of those incredible "zing" meetings. They were asked to do the balcony scene. After working on it a couple of days, memorizing it, they returned and gave one hell of an audition.

That night, at home, Larry's phone rang. It was Arthur Laurents, author of the play. Larry recalls, "Arthur used to date my sister, and he said, 'Larry, we've come to a decision, and since I knew you best, they thought I should break the news to you'. And I heard 'break the news,' such a negative statement. Then Arthur said, 'How does it feel to have a lead on Broadway?' "

Watching Larry as he tells the story, it's obvious he still remembers how it felt.

Without the training one usually has before tackling such a major role, Larry got through with his chorus background and athletic ability. "And I also have a fabulous eye for picking things up," he grins, giving a sly look. "Great guts, great instincts, and that's what Jerry Robbins saw."

This milestone in Larry's career became a millstone because he did the show too long. Gower Champion asked him to play Conrad Birdie in *Bye, Bye Birdie*, a new musical Chita had left *West Side* to star in. He turned it down, fearing he wouldn't be good.

"My own total fear," he says, shaking his head. "It would have been a perfect move for me to go from *West Side* to *Birdie*, to show that other side of the coin, but I had no faith in my own talent. I was so wonderful as Tony, patting myself on the back all the way to the toilet."

He decided instead to go on the road because he wanted to play his hometown. "L.A. BOY COMES HOME". After a ten-month tour, Carol Lawrence re-joined the show and it reopened on Broadway, the first show ever to do that.

"When I finally left the show," he continues. "I found myself cold in the business. Everybody knew Larry Kert, they knew the name, but I was too identified with the show. So I started scratching, but all I was offered was *West Side Story*."

Finally, he was cast in the first Broadway show Hal Prince directed, *Family Affair*, then replaced Elliot Gould in *I Can Get It For You Wholesale* for a year. Then nothing. No offers. He began working in other areas — TV, clubs, and summer stock. Finally, the next big milestone arrived: he replaced Dean Jones in the Stephen Sondheim musical, *Company*, directed by Hal Prince, just six weeks after it opened. Although he is not on the original cast recording and missed receiving the Tony award, many critics unequivocally say his performance was the best of that year.

So Larry Kert, the performer, is a survivor, a climber, has great tenacity, spunk, or as one co-worker said, "he's tough!" But there's another Larry Kert that few have seen and even fewer have gotten to know.

"I'm two people," he says, "just like there's two of anyone else — at least two. There's the exhibitionist Larry Kert — out on the fucking stage, bearing myself nude, and the private, homebody Larry Kert."

It was difficult for him to balance the two, sometimes, so he went through two years of analysis, which help him a great deal. Presently, he is in est training, which has helped him be aware of his anger and how to control and understand it. What helps Larry Kert, the human being, helps Larry Kert, the actor. What about Larry Kert, the private person?

"I'm a big home person," he admits. "I love getting ripped and having a couple of people over, or one person over, and sharing quiet moments rapping, or getting in the car and driving to the mountains, or Palm Springs, or Santa Barbara."

Ask him specifics about his personal relationships, and he cools. "My personal sex life is that — personal," he says, then eases back into the sofa and loosens a bit more.

"I have a tremendous desire to share," he continues. "I'm a real giver, I do like giving. I don't need to receive that much, but what I do receive has to be with total sincerity. When I love, I have a tendency to wear my heart on my sleeve. I do love a little too much, so I get a little pain sometimes."

He's flowing now, really getting into the subject. "I have more friends than I do lovers," he confides. "The lovers that I do have are my friends. I don't live with anybody, I don't share a life with any-

(continued on page 78)



Photo by Bruce McBroom ©1976 by United Artists Corporation

Larry Kert and Liza Minelli dueted in a spectacular finale for "New York, New York." The scene was cut from the picture.

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virgo

AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23

Try sharing a part of your life with a new person this period. It could be business or pleasure but it will be worth while . . . and if you have to stand on your head to please him . . . then you'll know for sure there are some kinky people around, but it might be fun seeing it from another angle. Your workload has been piling up and things ain't so hot in the bank? What or who have you been playing with? Attend to business and keep your bank balance healthy . . . it's okay, he doesn't mind you taking off, he likes standing on his head . . . that's the only way he can get it to stick up.

libra

SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 21

This may not be a good time to invest your money, but you might invest some time feathering your nest in case you find some chicken. You're inclined to make friends easily (often overnight) and many times they want to come back for seconds, so don't keep your phone off the hook too long. Expect that unexpected call. Keep the sheets clean, the conversation dirty, and some extra breakfast cereal on hand. Things are looking up for you.

scorpio

OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22

A creative urge deep down inside you is trying to make itself known. Had you planned to paint the kitchen or knit another ashtray? Your creative urges don't often get the better of you because your more basic urges are always sticking out in front. If it's an urge to paint the kitchen, lie on the bed with a good friend until it passes. If, in the meantime, something else has come up, take care of that first — and second, if it's still around. Ease off on the goodies you put in your mouth unless they're more pleasureable than fattening.

sagittarius

NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 21

You have a tendency to procrastinate, wondering which way to turn. This decision should have been made ahead of time, but never despair, you can always change sides before the ball game is over and see how the other half loves. Friends have been scolding you for keeping things to yourself of late. You don't have to share all the cake, but leave a few crumbs for those who like to nibble. Watch your financial situation and don't splurge every time you get a raise unless it's a monetary one.

capricorn

DECEMBER 22—JANUARY 20

If you make appeals to the emotional side of people, you often get what you want, especially in bed on a Saturday night during a raging thunderstorm, but you should practice when the competition is a little rougher. Coaxing people back to your pad with lurid descriptions of your woofer and tweeter combo is old hat, even if it is fifteen inches. Perhaps you're been getting it too easily and don't appreciate what you've got. Find out what the competition is offering would-be companions and then double the price.

aquarius

JANUARY 21—FEBRUARY 19

Money should flow into your life this month from some strange source. WHAT have you been getting up to . . . or making up to? Well if it's pay for services rendered . . . by all means go out and do it again. You really are a little busy-body and many of your so-called friends will envy you, so you don't have to mention he was ninety and on oxygen. Life has been good to you lately and you've had plenty of this and that. If there was too much of this, cool it . . . don't worry, it won't wear out, but it can get a little overdone. Think thin, exercise and don't let your roots show.

SCOPE

By ROGER ASQUITH

pisces

FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

A good time for establishing new relationships, but be smart, find the rich ones . . . they can be just as good looking. Get out of the rut and try it another way. With your newfound friends you may have to bend over backwards to accomodate them. This is an enjoyable exercise we could all use . . . if only we had the chance. Some new duds should be bought; follow the fashion and charge them. Plunging V fronts are great for hairy chests, otherwise concentrate on the other end and keep 'em tight. Live a little and you'll learn a lot.

aries

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

Time to relax and quit chasing everything for awhile. Review the past events and look up some old phone numbers. Consolidate what you're got. Your plans for the future should now be formed. If he's said NO more than once, then change your plans. You don't need it. If he's said YES, then what the hell are you reading this crap for, go out and grab him where he wouldn't want to show his lover. Start saving for that big spree that's on the agenda and practice wearing more than two socks . . . just for a good measure.

taurus

APRIL 21—MAY 21

Don't expect all your plans to work out . . . you'll just have to be content with six nights a week. You do get a lot, right? If you don't, then you're either in an iron lung or you're too young to know what it's there for. Taureans can get what they want, don't you know that? Try letting it all hang out on the corner of Fifth and Main and see how popular you are. You do overstuff yourself a little and the kind of exercise you do isn't going to take it off around the middle. Avoid bright colors if you are fat and drink champagne or wine, not beer.

gemini

MAY 22—JUNE 21

Love and romance are on the cards this period . . . so don't take on too much overtime unless the boss has been winking at you. You need a little sack time with the right person and many people have it off during the week as well . . . didn't you know that, Sweetie? Innocence becomes you, but it doesn't warm the bed on cold nights. It's not advisable to stand on a corner letting it all hang out like your Taurean friend, but you could watch him and see him get arrested. Maybe you could score with the cop. Good luck and let somebody else hold it for a chang.

cancer

JUNE 22—JULY 23

Have you been feeling under the weather? Well cheer up and start feeling under the sheets . . . especially if there's somebody between them. It's not always necessary to take things in hand, you know . . . many friends would enjoy this chore. Expect a present from an admirer . . . it might only be small but look what little acorns grown into . . . and never speak with your mouth full. He'll understand. Cool it on the spending until your ship comes in, but that doesn't mean you should hang around until your pier drops off. Be patriotic, take out a sailor.

leo

JULY 24—AUGUST 23

Have you been chasing about and getting nowhere? When are you going to learn that the ads in the john aren't worth the paper they're written on? Blind dates lead nowhere, so the only answer is the baths . . . at least you'll come out clean and you can always see what your getting even if it is all steamed up. Cool your ardor . . . put some energy into making a few bucks, especially if they're allowed off the reservation. When did you last call your best buddy? See how wound up you are? Relax and take it easy. Vacations and dirty weekends are not just for the wealthy, you know.

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(continued from page 75)

body, but I share many moments with many people."

He has a great love for his friends, like Kenny Silms and Gail Parent, TV's prolific writing team. "They're totally insane, they're constantly knocking me off guard with their humor, and that fulfills a need with me. It's almost a sexual thing with them," he says.

Certain other human beings fulfill other desires. Sally Kellerman is a great buddy, they spend hours just walking along the beach together. Alan Johnson, the choreographer, is as avid a theatre buff as Larry, so they go to the theatre together. Restaurteur Joe Allen works out at the same gym and they attend all the Lakers games.

"Everybody fulfills a certain need for me and I like that," he says simply, adding that he is capable of loving more than one person at the same time because of different values.

On tour, hotels are not conducive to sharing a great life with anyone, but when he's in New York, he loves having friends over to his cozy duplex apartment in the Village.

"I love the Village. As soon as I get across 14th Street, I'm in my private domain," he says. "On Saturdays, I'm out there in front of good old 69 — that's my street number — watering my plants, and people come by to see 'Broadway Star Watering Plants,' but that doesn't bother me."

Many performers consider the gay audience to be the backbone of the entertainment industry, especially the theatre, and Larry is well aware of his gay following.

"I love them — they're great. When I'm on the Carson show, most of my mail is from young girls or middle-aged married couples. But when I was in *Company*, 98% of my mail was obviously gay. I knew by a couple of the pictures they enclosed. My whole humor, most of my friends, all of my surroundings, my life, whether it be girl I'm with or guy I'm with, everyone is totally free and void of any prejudice of any kind."

We talked about the last issue of IN TOUCH, and the opinions Burt Reynolds expressed about current gay rights situation involving Anita Bryant.

"Anyone that has any kind of compassion for living has got to be incensed by this. I can't believe what she is doing."

Larry met her once, several years ago, when she was appearing in a production of the *The Fantasticks* in Connecticut. A large percentage of the company was gay.

"She was right in there with them," he says, again zeroing in on his topic. "She was doing everything but sitting on their faces and she might have even been doing that, or maybe somebody should have sat on her face."

He feels her transformation has happened recently, perhaps from some kind of pressure or some ugly experience. "Who knows where it comes from? Maybe she felt her career was dying and she had to pick on the most popular minority group to attack. Somebody probably told her it'd give her a few more thousand in state fairs. Her name is now on everybody's lips, that's for sure. The whole thing just boggles my mind. It makes me want to run out and wear a long dress and earrings and flaunt it right in her face."

Larry offers to help the gay cause any way he can — sing at benefits, sign petitions. Although Miss Bryant has long been considered an industry joke and never taken very seriously, now with her victory in Florida, Larry feels there may be no end to her power. He says, "She's just the bag on a vacuum



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Photo by Bruce McBroom ©1976 by United Artists Corporation

cleaner, sucking up all the dirt, but there's that strong force behind her."

Returning to more pleasant subjects, he says he feels more relaxed in his career now. He doesn't pressure himself like he used to. Sandy Meisner, one of the noted "method" acting teachers, gave him some wisdom that has always stuck with him: "don't do anything until somebody does something to make you do something."

"That advice has afforded me to wait, and not panic, It's helped me in my personal life as well as onstage. I've learned to listen and it's helped me in practically everything I've done."

He likes the fact that he's freer about Larry Kert now. That period of identity crisis is gone. He believes "certain aspects of one's career and one's facade still have to be maintained, and I will continue to maintain them until I get Anita Bryant out of the business."

He realizes he has to be happy in his career to be happy in his personal life, but he doesn't want a career without personal happiness; to be a commodity that is on twenty-four hours a day.

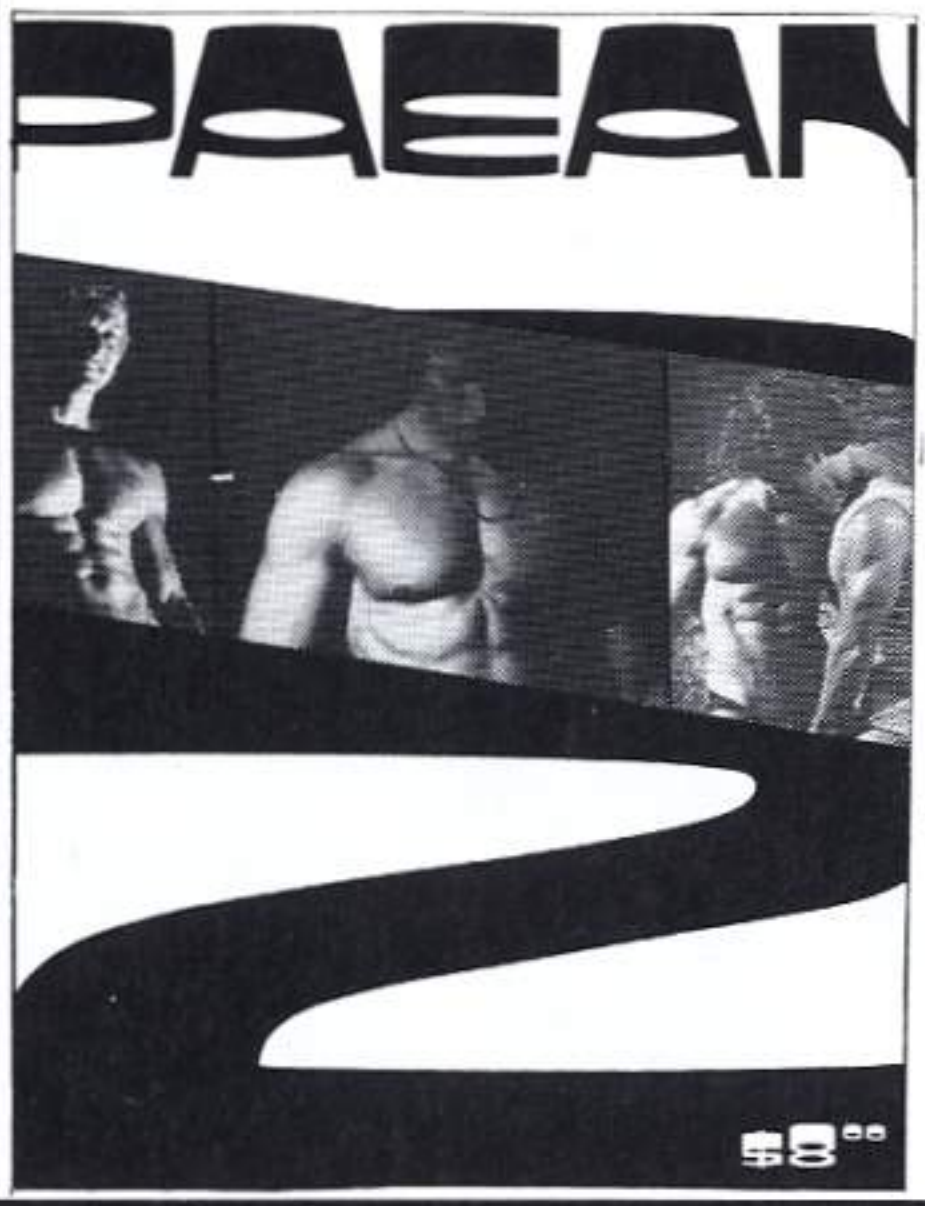
"I do get frustrated by the fact I think maybe I should be a superstar by now, no one's had more chances at it than I," he speaks with frankness, "but I didn't always have the best managerial advice. But I don't think it's too late. I never think it's too late."

Perhaps his mountain is a little harder to climb than most, but that doesn't mean he won't get to the top of it. He's just taken a little more difficult route to get there.

"I would somewhere along the way like to find someone to climb that mountain with," he adds, "but until I do, I'm very happy climbing it the way I am. Right now, in my head, I'm fine."

Larry is aware of the effort needed to keep climbing, to keep surviving. He's singing as well as he has ever sung. He feels good about his work, about his life. What the needs now is a project — that movie, that TV series, that new Broadway show. He's ready for it, and no one deserves it more!

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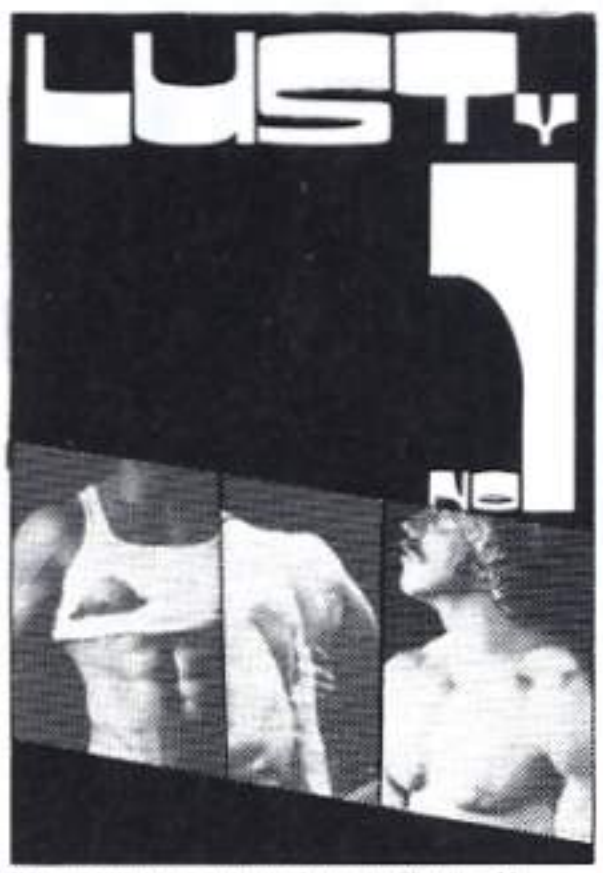
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Marc Singer, Terence McNally, Underwear, Marlboro Country

NOVEMBER
Beau Bridges, Dakota, Skiing, Off-Off-Broadway

JULY/AUG.
Christopher Isherwood, Russ Tamblyn, Wakefield Poole, Haiti, San Francisco, Patricia Nell Warren's "Front Runner", Tattoos, Making It In La Jolla

SEPT./OCT.
Warren Beatty, Bette Midler, Peter Berlin, Los Angeles, Harry Bush's IN TOUCH Sketchbook, "The Outlaw"

NOV./DEC.
Robert Redford, Jan-Michael Vincent, Lucille Ball, Australia, Boston, Walt Whitman, Men Together

JAN./FEB.
California Men, William S. Burroughs, Pittsburgh, Miami, Marilyn Monroe, Jeff Bridges, J. Brian's Blue World, Melville & Moby Dick, Buns

MAR./APR.
David Bowie, Phoenix, Canada, Jack Wrangler, Gymnasts Together, James Leo Herlihy

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KEPNER'S COMMENTS



Anita has proved to be the best recruiter our movement ever had. While the Right-wing groups who manipulate her represent a real threat to freedom, her hate crusade has brought us untold allies. More important, she has propelled thousands of gays to that crisis of conscience that says "I have to do something about this."

In the few months since the Miami vote our movement has grown amazingly, and has been joined by many non-gay allies — chiefly the women's movement.

To oppose the homophobic blasts of Hurricane Anita, we must be aware of the requirements of "coalition politics." The allies who join us have differing priorities, differing sensitivities. We must learn to understand and respect those differences while we work together on limited goals.

But differences rise not only with allies. There are vast differences within our own community, and every new recruit to the movement is due for a severe shock if he or she doesn't recognize that.

If your gay life heretofore has been limited to bars, baths, beds and a few private social gatherings you may know that some gays can be bitchy but you may be quite unprepared for the interminable political arguments you will encounter at gay organizational meetings.

You will find, as I described in IN TOUCH, V.2, #1, amazingly diverse opinions on things you yourself had never questioned, and all that diversity screams out — as it must — at our meetings. Almost no other social group comes together having to start from scratch defining basic objectives and operating procedures. Most non-gay groups take all that for granted, or else start groups with people whose thinking is already fairly homogenous.

All of these differences may be expressed, often with amazing anger, at your first organizational meeting. Expect them. Find ways to live with them, to accept the fact that we and our allies include every possible variant of opinion.

Organizing so diverse a group isn't easy. But it can be done. It requires respecting the differences, working to moderate the inevitable anger, to soothe the pain many gays have never been able to express until they pour it like vitriol on fellow gays.

Don't yield to the old homophobic crap that gays just can't agree, that gays always bicker. Other groups suffer through long and angry meetings. If we are to work together, it can't be by ignoring our differences.

If we are respectful of each other, we can find ways to unite in diversity. That means we must decide when we come to a meeting, whether we are entering a broad coalition which absolutely requires *minimal* definition of objectives, or whether we are starting a group of likeminded gays for specific purposes: a gay Presbyterian caucus, a businessmen's luncheon club, a socialist unit, etc. Even in those we'll have things to argue about.

Just don't be surprised or overly rigid when we have disagreements. Get in and try to iron them out. Don't be surprised when they go on night after night. They are real, and are the inevitable price for working in one of the world's most creatively diverse communities.

It would be easier if we all thought alike—but would we really want that?

— Jim Kepner

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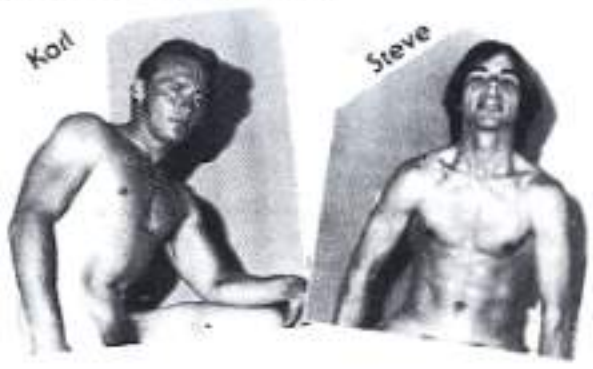
SEMINARY: Brought out by some anxious "brothers", Greg tells you about the weakness of the flesh and the temptation of other men's bodies.



DOUG: An arrogant stud—he talks to you; he's always hard and ready. *Hot!*

SILVER A **junkie** who turned to hustling to feed his habit. Rough stuff.

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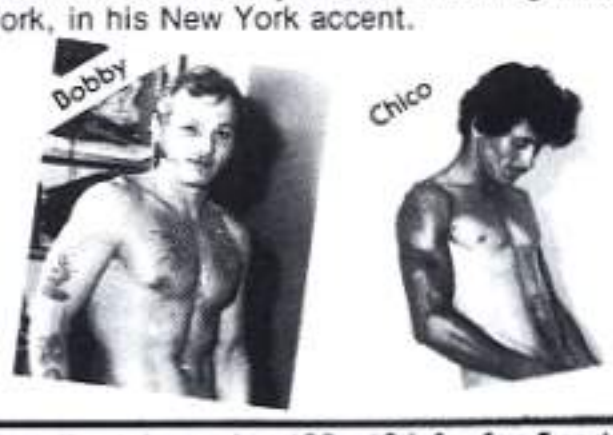
JASON: A tough kid from a tough town . . . Philadelphia . . . with a decidedly punk accent. 20 and thinks he's straight.



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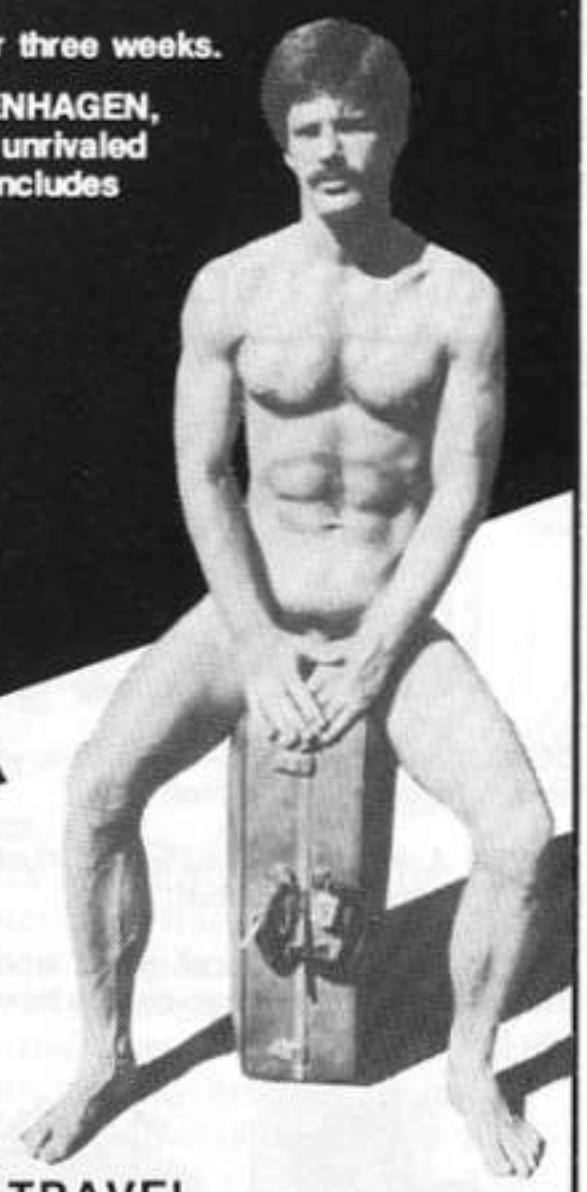
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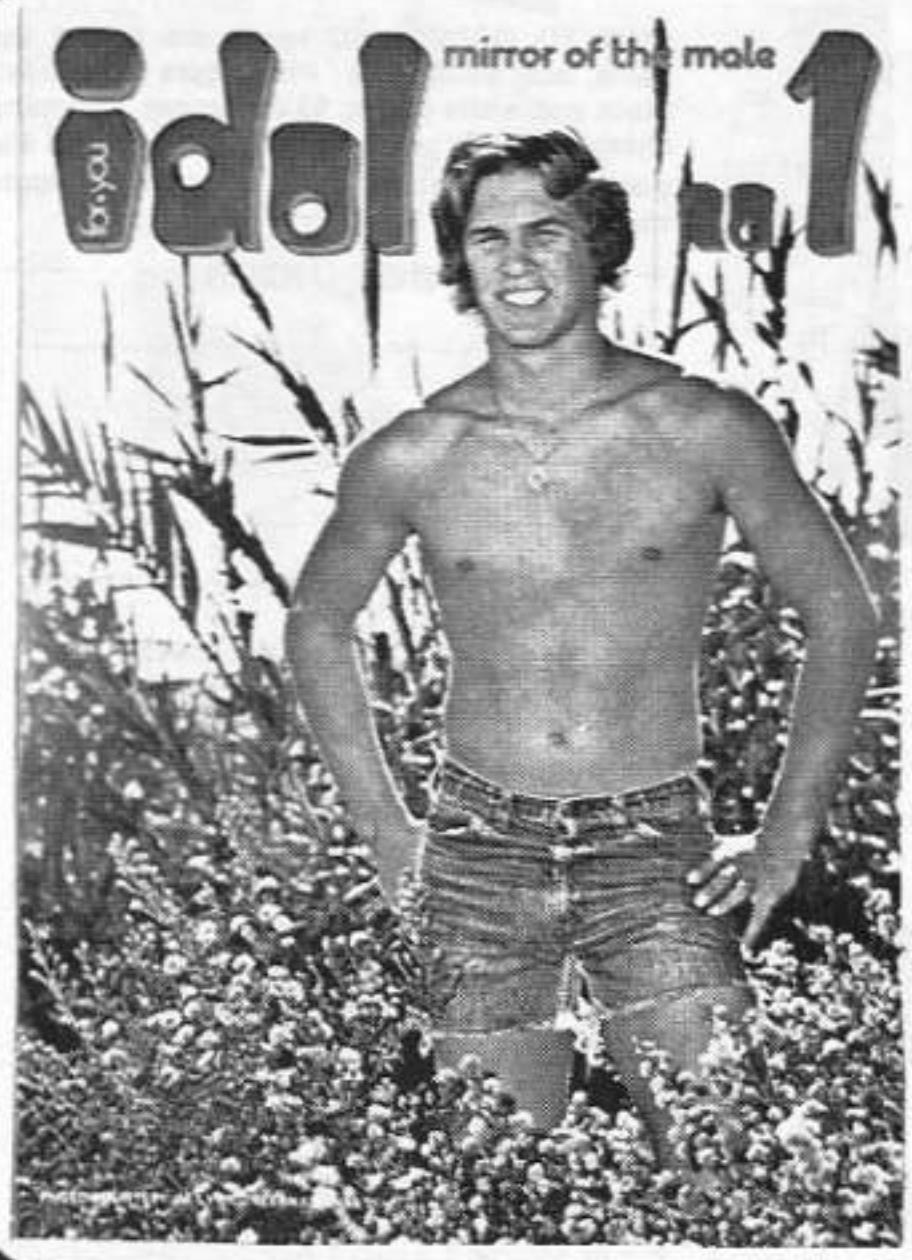
AMSTERDAM

(continued from page 21)

and bar) which offers Cuisine Francais. One of my favorites is Hartedief — quite away from the gay spots but worth the journey for their very good French cuisine. Le Musicien is semi-gay and is near several bars. facing the Amsterdam River. There is even a gay Russian Restaurant (we cater to all tastes in Amsterdam)!

Choosing a hotel and making reservations before you leave home is important. The gay hotels are mainly medium-priced and medium standard. I receive most nice comments about the Orfeo (for service and friendliness), New York Hotel, Aero Hotel, and the ITC II Hotel (which also has a Bistro and a bar where the action is wild, especially on weekends). Prices in gay hotels start at about 40 guilders for a room with a bed just big enough for two if you're intimate, and with no extra charge for the breakfast your overnight trick eats next morning. Many Americans prefer to stay at the big international airconditioned luxury hotels — prices from 150 guilders

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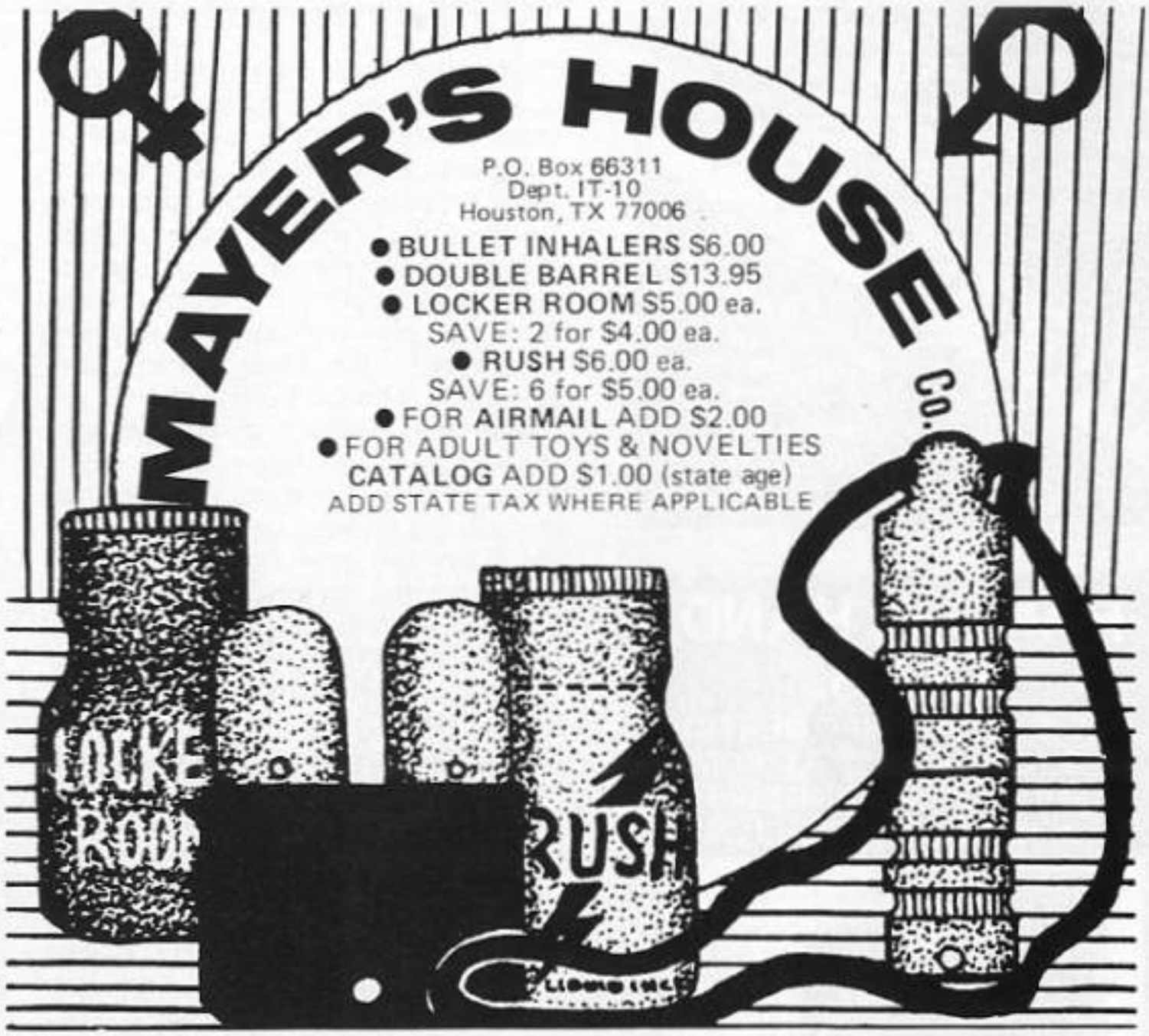
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(just for the room) — and Amsterdam has its share of Hiltons, Marriot, Sheraton, and Intercon. But you may have difficulties in taking someone back to your room, and many of them are also quite far from the gay spots, needing a taxi to get there late a night. Personally, I think it's better to sacrifice the luxury and stay at a gay hotel which is central, convenient, and if you're doubtful about a trick, you can always introduce him to the management — if he's a known hazzard they'll warn you.

Tourist information, theatre programs, sightseeing tours, and tickets for shows can usually be obtained from the VVV tourist information offices, details above. A good guide to what's on, This Week In Amsterdam, can be bought at almost any kiosk or newspaper stand. The VVV staff are helpful and sympathetic, and you needn't hide your gayness — they'll even make reservations at gay hotels if you tell them that is what you want.

Enjoy your visit to Amsterdam, Gay Capital of Europe, and to the rest of Europe, too. We have a lot of good things waiting for you — what's keeping you?



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(continued from page 56)

playwright denies he's writing "gay plays", his themes come from the same dark closet. He is quite without peer as a satirist of society's victims today. Michael Christofer's *Shadow Box*, on the other hand, captures cancer and the gay lover in a totally different perspective. And this play walked off with all the awards. both Tony and Pulitzer as well as Drama Circle, etc.

Enough! There's never enough space for this column. And New York refuses to stand still for a second. I could go on about Emerald City, the new Cable TV program devoted to gay lifestyles. It's on twice weekly. Michael Poulo's puppet act, "On the Art of Ball-stretching," which has shaken up a few at the Jewel, is another act altogether. New York's midsummer madness is easy to click into, the perfect vacation if you're into some fast action — or just lazing around Morton Street pier on a Sunday afternoon before cocktails at Keller's. Either way, it's a trip worth taking this time around.

— David Sears

LOS ANGELES

Summertime and music fills the air of Southern California. In addition to the smog, the warm weather brings melody to the atmosphere of L.A., with all three of the city's outdoor amphitheatres going full swing.

The Hollywood Bowl, summer home of the L.A. Philharmonic, offers a varied program of classics and pops. One of the highlights of this season's Bowl schedule was a special appearance by Ethel Merman in a program of show tunes on Aug. 6. The surrounding hills really reverberated with the sounds of Merman that night.

Across the Cahuenga Pass in Universal City — and right next door to the Universal City Tour where Bruce the shark awaits visitors with open jaws (reminds me of several people I know) — the Universal Amphitheatre spotlights various contemporary artists. Already past are Joan Baez, the incredibly

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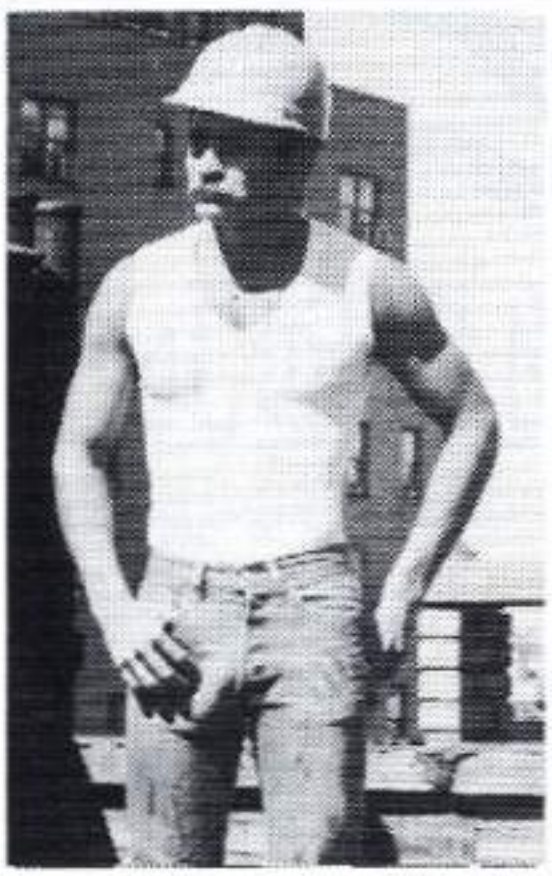
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sexy Kris Kristofferson (who had his wife, Rita Coolidge, along to help stave off panting fans) and Emmylou Harris. Coming during Aug. and Sept. are Gordon Lightfoot, Al Stewart, Isaac Hayes & Dionne Warwick, Dan Fogelberg, Natalie Cole, Randy Newman, Neil Sedaka, Judy Collins, George Benson, the Leon Russell Show, Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt.

And then there's the Greek Theater "in the heart of Griffith Park"—(don't get sidetracked in the bushes on your way to the theater) where impresario James Nederlender has scheduled a varietey of "cultural" and pop entertainment. He just took over operation of the Greek last year and earlier this summer scored a coup when he persuaded the fabulous Joffrey Ballet to return to L.A. for the first time in seven years (when you operate theaters all around the country, I guess you have that kind of power of persuasion). Coming up on the Greek schedule for Aug. and Sept. are Captain & Tenille, Foreigner and the Little River Band, Renaissance & Jean-Luc Ponty, Harry Chapin, Carole King and Navarro (sold out), Boz Scaggs (sold out), the incomparable Cleo Laine on the same bill with Bobby Short, the National Ballet of Canada featuring Rudolf Nureyev, Englebert Humperdinck, Gladys Knight & the Pips, Shirley Bassey and Seals & Crofts.

Music is filling the major theaters this summer, with Gower Champion's brilliant new version of Irving Berlin's *Annie Get You Gun* for the Civic Light Opera leading the way at the Music Center's Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Champion, who directed and choreographed, has taken this old chestnut and reshaped it into a fresh and exciting musical. And his new "There's No Business Like Show Business" production number is absolutely breathtaking. This time around, Debbie Reynolds is playing Annie Oakley and she's super. If you've never seen Debbie in person you owe yourself the treat. She's one of the hardest working little troupers you'll ever hope to see, and she makes sure the audience gets their money's worth when they come to the theater. Harv Presnell co-stars as the man she can't get get with a gun.

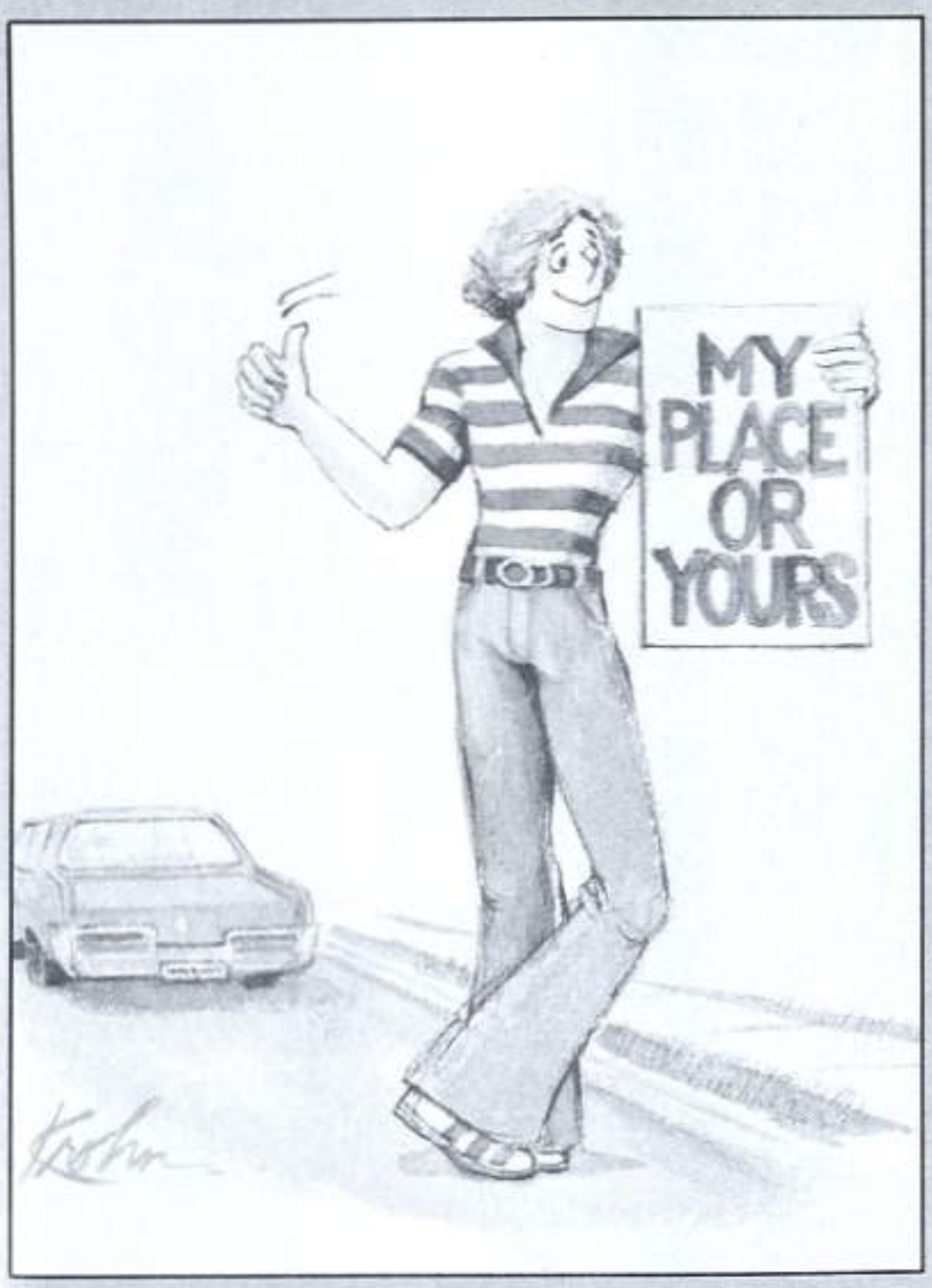
The Civic Light Opera has also brought *The Wiz* back to the Music Center's Ahmanson Theater for the summer. This funky black version of Dorothy and the ruby slippers broke all records at the Ahmanson last year and there's no reason to believe it won't do the same this time around. Most of the cast members are new, but the show is as slick and as vital as ever.

And then there's *A Chorus Line*, which celebrated its first year at the Shubert Theatre in Century City in July and which seems to be headed for at least another year here. I've seen this show five times now and it's incredible in the way it seems to be better each time. The musical has so much going for it that there's always something new to be discovered with each visit.

The L.A. bar scene is as active as ever. One of the newer "in" places seems to be the 836 North (Highland Blvd.), which has had a pleasant face-lift from its days as the Paradise Ballroom (and, before that, Dude City). Mixed-on-the-young-side crowd, patio, several bar areas, big disco room. If you're into the gorgeous-but-not-very-cruisy,

(continued on page 90)

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(continued from page 51)

into the horizon. They picked up their skateboards and walked out into the street looking for a house where they might find food.

The streetlights went on automatically when darkness fell. Shadows arrived on the night town like musicians in black tuxedos to a grand hotel ballroom. The lights cast flickering shadows through the leaves onto the painted metal hoods of the automobiles parked by the curb; the roof of a house cast solid angular shadow on its white walls; and the shadow of a large tree-branch swung dumbly back and forth like a hanged man.

A dog padded down the street toward them. His eyes glowed like torches, and the jagged whites of his teeth showed. The boys picked their boards up from the street and gripped them like clubs. A low rattling growl rose from behind the dog. There were more hidden in the shadows and shrubbery behind him. His tail stopped wagging. He barked loudly, his eyes looking past them up into the patch of night sky the tips of the framed trees. The boys raced into the Mars picture. As the sun came up over the town of Sumac, the dark red landscape glowed with scattered carnage.

* * *

Scott smelled the aroma of bacon coming through the grating in the corner of his room from the kitchen below. Outside his window, sparrows chattered on the branches where they nested like bees in a hive. And then his mother's voice, calling him to breakfast. While tucking in his shirt and pulling up his pants, he recounted the dream to himself, deciding it had been invoked by the books he had read. He felt exhilerated, as though awakening from a long bout of fever.

After breakfast, he rode his bicycle to the Mesa Vista Sanitarium where he worked summers as a nurse's assistant, cleaning up after the patients. His father had gotten him the job and wanted him to work in his spare time to learn charity 'for those less fortunate than yourself' and to learn 'the value of a dollar.'

* * *

Randall Row walked with his friend, Chris Cross, toward the Long Street Cafe, where they met each afternoon for beers. The streets were crowded with the inhabitants of Sumac returning from work or tending to errands.

"Look across the street, Randy — what about him?" Chris nudged Randall and pointed to Scott on his bicycle, waiting at a traffic light to make a left turn into the busy intersection. Scott had just finished work at the Mesa Vista.

"He's great. Isn't he the kid we saw riding a skateboard in the mountains?"

"Uh-huh. And he's looking at *you* right now."

Randall turned in Scott's direction. Scott looked down at his handlebars shyly. . .and then up at the traffic light. It was still red. His hands tightened on the handlebars. He turned again to look at the two standing across the street; they couldn't have been more than twenty years old. Randall was looking directly at him. Scott blushed and averted his eyes again, but he couldn't help smiling. An impatient motorist palmed his horn, and Scott looked up to see the green light. Turning left, he pedaled into the right lane going downtown.

Scott glanced back again toward the boys at the corner. Randall watched as Scott made the turn into the busy intersection. Pedaling slowly, Scott jerked his head to the left. The line of cars broke, and he saw the boys still standing there. He smiled.

What should I do? he thought to himself.

Maybe he'll stop, thought Randall to himself.

Scott pedaled on slowly past a row of illegally parked cars. Randall smiled at him . . . they should talk . . . it wasn't a crime to beckon to someone on the street . . . the boy couldn't just be acting friendly . . . he could ask him about his bicycle . . . .

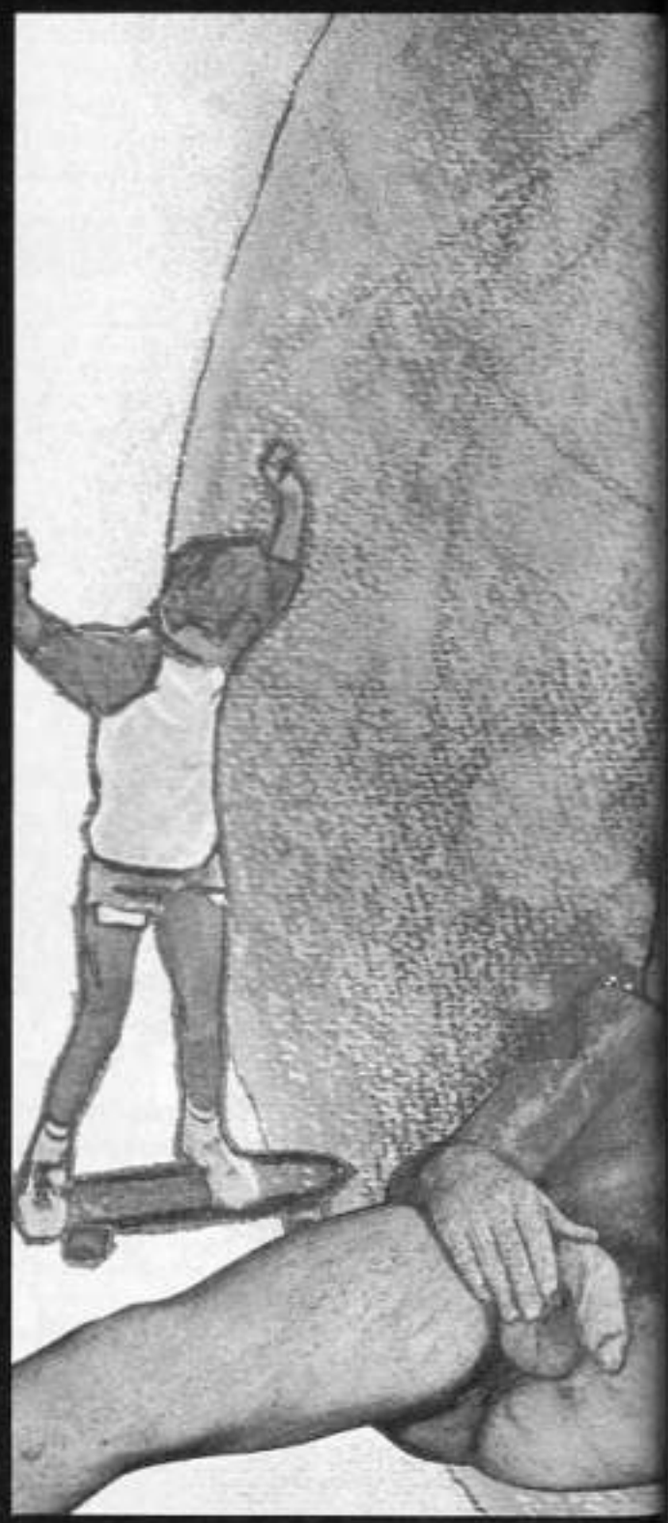
Scott turned back again to look. Randall's gaze caught him, and held him a moment too long. The front wheel of his bicycle swerved into the curb. Scott's foot slipped from the pedal. He lost his balance and toppled over. When he put his feet to the pedals again, without looking back, he gripped his handlebars and rode quickly away. Embarrassed that he lost control of his bicycle, he was sure they would be laughing at him.

* * *

Earlier that summer, to coincide with the American Bicentennial, an unmanned American spaceship had landed on Mars. Photographs of the red rocky planet were printed on the front pages of newspapers across the country. Randall cut out one of the better color photos and framed it under glass in his room at the Oaxacan Hotel. The hotel, built around the turn of the century, had been only recently renovated. The small room with a bath had two windows that looked out from the top floor onto the Rocky Mountains.

One afternoon, with Chris lying in bed next to him, Randall glanced up at the Mars photograph across the narrow room. The rays of the afternoon sun reflected off the photograph, superimposing the naked boys wrapt in white bedsheets onto the surface of Mars. The thighs and legs of the boys were scaly and red like the landscape — neotenous chameleons from Mars.

Excited, Randall turned on his side and massaged his friend's back. Reaching around in front of Chris, he felt for Chris' cock. It swelled as he touched it. Chris was uncircumcized and Randall slowly coaxed the sheath back while rising up on his knees. He slipped into Chris. Watching their Mars reflection, Randall rocked against Chris while jerking him off. Chris turned over onto his stomach and collapsed his knees



while Randall thrust into him again and again. Wishing to swallow his demon, Chris sucked on Randall's fingertips. His hole opening up like landscape around the hard cock. He shoved his ass up against Randall's moist thighs, eager for more. Looking into the Mars picture, they came. And they slept, Randall still inside

* * *

Mrs. Drawbridge, the Episcopalian minister's wife, had a great deal of difficulty deciding where the perennial garden should be planted. Since there would be tulips and hyacinths, she decided that a border garden would be most appropriate between the cobblestone wall surrounding the yard and the sidewalk.

Chris and Randall, both shirtless in army fatigues and sneakers, crouched on their knees over the perennial plot. Chris dug the holes, each one six inches deep, while Randall followed him by putting in



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each a pinch of white powdery cowbone ash. Then he delicately dropped the bulbs, which looked like knobs of garlic, into each hole. Chris filled the holes with the dark black soil and raked it over.

"Wouldn't you boys care for something ice cold to drink? It's terribly hot out today, isn't it?"

The minister's wife called out to them from the rounded midwestern Victorian porch. The boys dropped their tools and followed her into the tidy house.

After they washed their hands in her lavender-tiled bathroom cluttered with cosmetics and medicine bottles, the boys joined her in the kitchen. The floors and counters were spotless and cheery — chipboard cabinets and a magnetic memo board, all the disorder particular to even tidy housekeepers hidden away in the drawers and butler's pantry closet. A fragrant Pinesol disinfectant permeated the air around her gracious activity.

Mrs. Drawbridge, her face like a powdered pastry and her gray hair in a conservative coif with detachable fall, exclaimed and marvelled at even the most mundane occurrences which found their way into her domestic order.

"You boys like sodapop, don't you? I don't know a youngster these days who doesn't. Even Scotty, and the Lord knows he doesn't like many things — I can tell you that."

She filled two glasses with ice from the refrigerator's automatic ice maker, and then filled them with lime-colored soda. The heavy cast glasses, green swirl stemware, came from the neighborhood filling station with each tank of gasoline purchased.

"You've worked so hard today, and imagine — it must be 90 degrees. Heavens, I hope we're doing the right thing with these bulbs. Do you think it's right?"

The boys nodded.

"I hope the Minister likes them. Well, why don't you take your sodapop out to the patio and rest yourselves for a while?"

On the patio, Scott lay on his stomach on a chaise lounge, reading. His cock was hard, stimulated by even the most innocuous passages in the book. Hearing footsteps on the slatewalk, he rolled over on his side and saw Randall and Chris walking toward him. They all grinned. After introductions were made, they recalled their near collision at Piper's Pass, and the bicycle episode the afternoon before.

After a while, the conversation lagged as the periods of prolonged eye contact became longer.

"Look at the sky; I think it'll rain soon," said Chris.

"Then we'd better gather the tools up and sweep the dirt from the sidewalk before it does," said Randall.

Scott brought his book and the longue cushions into the house, and joined the two youths on the front sidewalk. Standing beside the blue truck, Randall stalled for time.

"What were you reading, Scott?"

"*Scissors on Mars* by Simon Jerboa. Like most sci-fi, it had a couple of great ideas, and the rest is so obvious. When we try to imagine what worlds are like in other galaxies or time warps, we usually only imagine a reflection or caricatures of ourselves and the way we live. It's pretty rare to actually travel any place different."

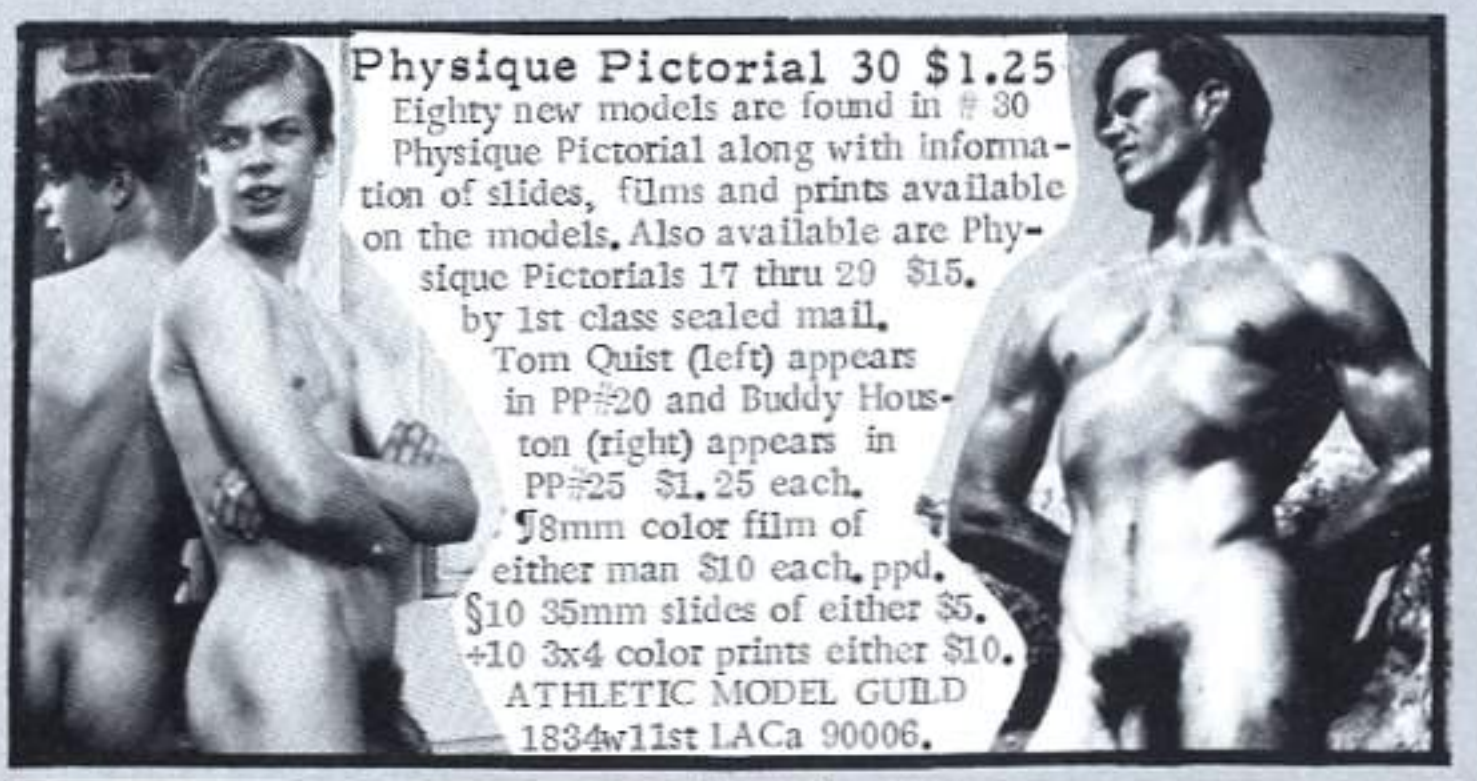
"You sound like a pretty blase traveller yourself."

Randall exchanged a quick glance with Chris and steered the conversation to the recent landing on Mars by the Viking spaceship and the subsequent photographs transmitted to Earth.

* * *

The three of them lay together on the small bed. The sun broke through the clouds and poured into the small room. The Mars photograph reflected them, and they boarded the silent machine. Randall and Scott embraced, Chris unbuckled Scott's pants and reached inside to caress the swelling cock and surrounding yellow bush. Scott, on his back, lifted his ass to allow Chris to pull off his pants. He kicked off his sneakers. Chris took Scott's cock in his mouth. Scott reached over to Randall's fly and unzipped it.

Sweat coated their thighs as they began the afternoon three-car train ride. Scott was turned over on his back, his legs thrown up over Randall's freckled shoulders. Chris followed, entering Randall from the rear. Scott pedaled slowly past. The cheeks of his ass pried apart, the visitors had come and gone. His legs together very still, the white daylight emptied out of him. They hugged taut muscular limb to limb, sweet musty sweat like dew on shoulders, thighs, and armpits. A rosy flush covered Chris' chest after he came. Shoved his ass, the two halves of a peach, at face drunk with pleasure. Opened full lips. Their thighs and legs red and scaly, they came together. Led by Scott, the naked boys sailed on their skateboards down Piper's Pass towards the town which slowly erupted from the valley below.



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NIGHTLIFE

(continued from page 87)

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The Westside (6112 Venice Blvd.) may be a little off the beaten path, but it's worth the trip. A down-to-earth crowd, good food, and pleasant surroundings. What more can you ask?

And, finally, this month's "good food in a congenial atmosphere" award goes to Numbers (8029 W. Sunset) — lots of gorgeous numbers on both sides of the bar.

— Ron Englert

TORONTO

Ah, summer! In the parks; on the beaches, sensuous bronzed limbs and torsos offer much delight. Not only do pleasures for the eyes and senses abound, but it's Festival time as well. Stratford, Shaw, Lennoxville, Charlottetown, Heritage, Guelph and even Mari-

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posa, to list a few.

Stratford has three blockbuster productions in seven offered to date of writing. . . more to come. All are good, if not great, theatre. The biggies: Shakespeare's *Richard III*, Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and Molnar's *The Guardsman*. Prominent in one or more of these productions are Maggie Smith, Margaret Tyzack, and Brian Bedford. Shaw has a great production of the Ben Travers' comedy *Thark* as well as a full-length version of GBS' *Man and Superman*. Toronto Symphony Orchestra plays outdoors at Ontario Place, a man-made holiday-island complex off shore in Lake Ontario: a gift to taxpayers (paid for with their money) by the Government of Ontario. A nice gift, too, and cruisy. Young and dynamic music director Andrew Davis conducts Mahler's 1 and 4, Brahms 4 and a host of guest artists and conductors join him in this summer season including the incomparable Sarah Caldwell. National Ballet of Canada also does their summer thing at OP. Following these performances, they're off to Los Angeles' Greek Theater with Rudolph Nureyev as guest artist, then to the Arie Crown in Chicago. Late in Sept. they re-cross the border, guest in hand, for performances at Place des Arts in Montreal and Le Grand Theatre in Quebec City before returning solo to To and the local fall tour and rehearsals for the annual Oct./Nov. season in the Queen City.

Speaking of dance, David Y.H. Lui, Vancouver-based dance impresario, hopes to launch a ballet company in that city. A smallish one, no more than 12-16 dancers performing a repertoire of popular contemporary classics. Cost: $2 million endowment!

And on to music: Ann Murray, eight-time Juno Award winning artist, recently completed a triumphant tour of Japan. In the eight concerts in six cities, and of the estimated 20,000 attendees, it was estimated that 60% of the audiences were males between 16 and 22 years of age. Can't blame them, only envy the songstress. A rematch is in the works!

Brett Peterson, hunky 18-year old Vancouverite songwriter, has signed with A&M Records of Canada Ltd. His song, "Ben," was covered by Charity Brown on her last album, *Stay With Me*. You don't need to ask twice.

Andrew Oxenham, ex-dancer turned photographer, has his first book out. It's also a first for Canadian dance. From a total of some 16,000 photographs of Canadian dancers and companies, approx. 200 have been chosen. They're great! Biographical and historical copy is by noted dance writer Michael Crabb. It's a lavish number published by Simon & Pierre, Box 280, Adelaide Station, Toronto. Kudos all around, gang, it's great!

— Bryan Crown

BOSTON

Infuriated by Anita Bryant's harvest in the fields of ignorance, we took to the streets on June 18th, Gay Pride Day, and stamped our way through Back Bay, around Beacon Hill, and ended up in a massive rally in Boston Common. Fewer gay spectators this year lined the sidewalks, because many who formerly had stood aside and only watched thought the times pressing enough to commit themselves as they would not before. Rumors were rife that day, not only that Ms. Bryant was soon to play Jane to Idi Amin's Tarzan, but that the Queen of Spite would make her appearance here, and the

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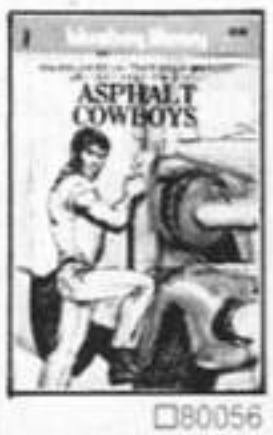
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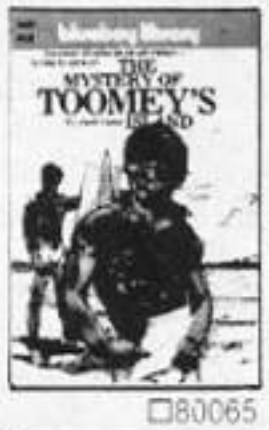
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town geared up to fight her; but the tales were idle, and we must be thankful for that.

Instead, just as much energy has gone into pushing the individual representatives of the Massachusetts House of Representatives to vote favorably on legislation pending before it (already passed in the Senate) which would prohibit discrimination in public employment on the basis of sexual preference. When looked at directly, it seems inconceivable that an elected representative would have the temerity to vote against the civil rights of his or her constituents. But legislators are prone to stagger off the pathways of morality and reason, and must be prodded into line. Ours have been besieged with letters, phone calls, and telegrams; and threats to the effect that if they vote unfavorably, they will be actively campaigned against in the next elections.

It is encouraging that the gay men and women of Boston are united to such an extent, and only melancholy that the situation prompting this newly-recovered courage is so dire. I was with friends in Chaps, the exceedingly popular western-macho bar of Back Bay, when the bartender announced the outcome of the voting in Dade County. Several minutes of lugubrious silence mourned the continued pigheadedness and insensitivity of the American public; which then erupted into a militant frenzy of boisterous spirits, in the knowledge that we *had* in fact the strength to beat them out, and that Dade County was a horrific but only temporary set-back for the cause.

Otherwise, life in our 'underground sub-culture' goes on as before, with the seasonal ups-and-downs. The Shed, a long established, homey, pleasantly sleazy leather bar, closed down some time ago because of intense competition from the newly opened Eagle, and because of racial trouble in that neighborhood of the city; and the baths have suffered some loss in business because of the disaster at the Everhart. On the plus side, Tony Bosco, creator (there is no other appropriate word) of the excellent 'House' restaurant in Brighton, recently opened a bar in the basement of the same building, called 'The Delivery Entrance'. Predictably, the design of the place is wonderful: a low-beamed ceiling, warm quarry-tile floors, stone and rough-panelled walls; a dim room filled with pillows for provocative lounging, wicker chairs and palms set on oriental carpets, a few discreet games. The Delivery Entrance only wants the requisite number of months to build up a clientele who will find it a thoroughly congenial place to spend an evening.

— Joseph Cain

WASHINGTON

Washington visitors with an interest in theater will find a wealth of riches this summer. Miguel Pinero's new play, *The Sun Always Shines for the Cool*, at the Back Alley Playhouse offers a realistic look into the world of pimps and prostitutes. It's a New York street show of tragedy and laughter which takes you into the heart of the city and delivers you safely home. Superb acting.

The New Playwright's Theater production of *Canticle*, a new musical by Michael Champagne and William Penn, is a well-staged journey based on Dante's *Inferno*.

Man of La Mancha lovers have a real treat in the National Theater's revival, with Richard Kiley back in his original role. *Man* will be preceeded by Lily Tomlin's smash *Appearing Nitely*.

The Opera House at the Kennedy Center is mounting Carlisle Floyd's musical version of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, to be followed by a three-week run of *Porgy and Bess*. The Eisenhower Theater will be staging Alan Ayckbaum's new comedy, *Absent Friends*, and both the Folger Theater and Ford's Theater are extending their present productions (*A Mid-Summer Night's Dream* at the Folger; *The All Night Strut* at Ford's.)

Wolf Trap Summer Theater opened with the Metropolitan Opera doing such favorites as *La Boheme* and *Tosca* — the summer musical is *South Pacific*, with Howard Keel and Jane Powell. Shady Grove Theater in Gaithesburg has an all-star summer lined up: Rock Hudson in *Camelot*, Jean Simmons in *A Little Night Music*, Perry Como, Cyd Charisse, Roberta Peters, etc. And for rock lovers, the Merryweather Post Pavillion in Columbia, Md. will be serving up such groups and individuals as Linda Rondstadt, Jackson Brown, Chicago, The Kinks, and more.

Who said Washington wasn't a theater town?

On the bar scene, Mr. P's, one of Washington's most popular gay watering spots, will be serving drinks on their new patio — which will help ease the overcrowding of this cruisy disco-dinner bar. At the

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Court Jester, on upper Wisconsin Ave. in Georgetown, they have Sunday night Cabaret. The Jester is really swinging these nights.

A word of caution: if you're into outdoor cruising, stay away from the Black Forest—the wooded area along Rock Creek between P St. Beach and M St., near Georgetown. Muggings are the order of the day (and night) by young groups who roam the area.

If Washington gets too hot for you, you might drive down to the beach for the weekend. The "in" place in Atlantic City is the Grand Central Resort (on Kentucky Ave.) — a swinging place with something for everybody's taste, from disco to sauna. Or you might try the Nomad Village at Rehobath Beach, Md. In addition to its other charms, it has a private gay beach.

Summer is here in style, and Washington is swinging. Hot—very hot, and I don't mean only the weather.

— Greg Kodjanian

ATLANTA

Howard Brunner's just-completed (barring holdover) production of *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, starring Joe Ward, at the Sweet Gum Head, may be the start of a continuing gay theater group. We're long overdue for our first look at an Al Carmines musical.

Club Atlanta is celebrating its first anniversary this month with weekend-long festivities, including a luau and the *Mr. Club Atlanta 1977* contest. If you haven't been there in the past year, you won't recognize the place, with the heated pool partially enclosed, sun decks, a new maze and added lockers. Even regulars have marveled at the changes from one visit to the next.



Photo by Steve Warren

Atlanta's Mr. Locker Room 1977 Contest winners.

Atlanta's other bath, the Locker Room, has added an indoor heated pool to keep up with the competition. Yours truly was one of the judges who chose Michael Moon as *Mr. Locker Room 1977*.

Hardly a week goes by without a pageant of some kind. Local entertainer R.C. Cola was named *Mr. Onyx 1977*.

Stephen's Saloon, the friendliest bar in town, is creating mini-Louvres all over Atlanta with their erotic art print giveaway. The "Peter 4" logo on the wall is making the (partially) straight lunch crowd ask, "What's Peter four?" but they don't get the same answer we get at night.

The first Atlanta Circle of Drama Critics (AC/DC) awards banquet was a huge success. The Wits End Players, whose current revue, *Getting It Out of the System; or This, Too, Shall Pass*, is one of their best, put on a special show for the occasion. Even I got a laugh, with the announcement that Anita Bryant won't be appearing here in *Boy Meets Boy*.

The Academy's *Waiting for Godot* and Harlequin's *110 in the Shade* were named Best Productions. Larry Shue won Best Actor awards for both musicals (*Fiddler on the Roof*) and non-musicals (*Twelfth Night*). His ex-wife, Linda Shue, was Best Actress in a Musical for *110 in the Shade;* and Dana Ivey took the non-musical counterpart for *Come Back to the 5 and Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*.

Robert Morse, who spoke candidly about his bisexuality when he was here last summer in *Play It Again, Sam*, and Angela Lansbury, who wouldn't do interviews when she came here with *Mame*, took special awards as best visiting stars. Mayor Maynard Jackson, who is looking good since he shed so much weight, also got a special award for his support of the arts.

Speaking of *Jimmy Dean*, Ed Graczyk's play is set for a Broadway opening in November. David Bishop resigned as Managing Director of our Alliance Theatre to mount the show in New York. He hopes to have Fannie Flagg repeat the role she played here.

The Alliance season closed on a high note with the Atlanta premiere of *Vanities*, although Jane Dentinger (as Joanne) was the only

one of the three actresses who couldn't be faulted. Playwright Jack Heifner says he won't be surprised when someone mounts a drag version of his comedy about three high school cheerleaders growing into women: "I'm sure it's gonna happen." He says there were many times during rehearsals when he or the original director, Garland Wright, would take over one of the roles: "We think we're the only ones who can do it right."

John Rechy (I.T. #29), in a lengthy conversation, told us he's delighted with the reaction of the straight press ("positive-to-rave") to his book, *The Sexual Outlaw*. He says most of his mail has been from straight women, and "unthreatened males" find the book a turn-on. He's disappointed at some of the criticism he's received in the gay press; but after all, John, who's going to be more concerned about the image of us you present to the world?

Music director Robert Shaw will conduct four of the first five subscription concerts of the new Atlanta Symphony season, including the Brahms' *Requium*, Oct. 20-23. The season opens Sept. 15.

The Atlanta Ballet has announced an ambitious schedule of five productions at the Fox Theatre for next season, including visits from the Pennsylvania Ballet in addition to *Cinderella, The Nutcracker* and a double bill of *Carmina Burana* and *Swan Lake* (Act II); they'll offer *Ahmal and the Night Visitors* as a season extra.

Mitzi Gaynor winds up the Theater of the Stars summer season with her new revue, Aug. 16-21 at the Civic Center.

Hans Conried pays a return visit to the Midnight Sun Dinner Theatre, Aug. 30-Oct. 9, in *The Sunshine Boys*.

Speaking of sunshine, come and get your share, Georgia-style. It doesn't grow on trees here, but we'd give it away if it did.

— Steve Warren

PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia is *hot* now. . .and why not? The "dog days" of summer are in full swing. But the cruising goes on undaunted in all of the usual places — and now in a few new ones.

Gay life in Philadelphia has spread its boundries, and the Queen Village section of the city boasts a sizable gay populace and several new watering holes. Atlantis and the Leff Bank are the new bars in town and are both worth a visit. Also in the Queen Village area is the Gay Community Center of Philadelphia. The Coffeehouse in the Center continues to be a popular weekend alternative for hundreds.

Back in the central "Gay Ghetto", old standbys such as Maxine's, a bar that bills itself as the oldest gay bar in continuous use in the U.S., continues to serve. Maxine's is located on an old and very small East coast-type city street. "Quaint" is the word that usually describes such places, and quaint it is. The bar is quietly elegant. Divided in half to accommodate a restaurant, Maxine's has a cozy, close and friendly atmosphere. The restaurant serves creative dishes which are prepared with a good deal of care.

Philadelphia is really alive with outdoor entertainment at this time of the year. Evening extravaganzas in front of the Art Museum attract huge crowds. One of the finest museums in the country, this Philadelphia monument provides a unique and interesting setting for live entertainment. Singers, jazz and rock bands and a variety of per-

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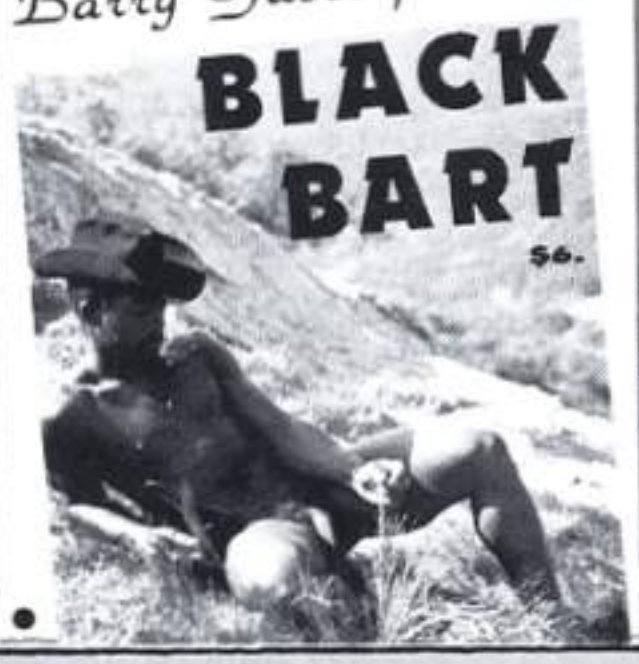


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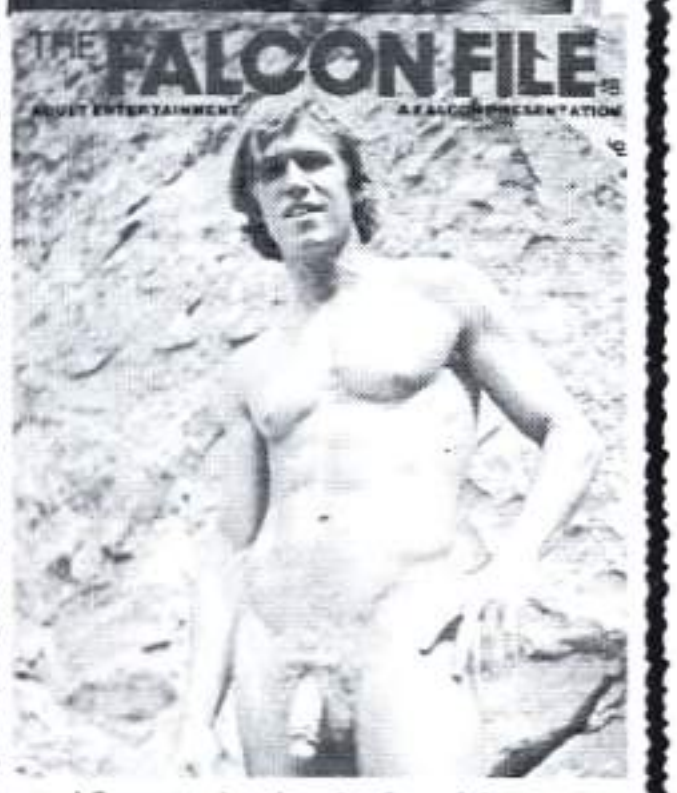
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formers of other types have been featured here in the past and this year is no exception. Open air entertainment goes on at the two Robin Hood Dells in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park. Both the Dell East and the Dell West provide showcases for classical and pop performers. In addition, you can see the musical *1776* every evening under a huge tent built for the Bicentennial a block from Independence Hall. All of the fresh air fare is free and fun. If exercise and not entertainment is what you want, the East and West River Drives along the Schulkyll River are the places for you. Bicycling, walking, running, boating, picnicking and just about anything else you can do outdoors is done along the banks of the Schulkyll. The beauty of these drives is matched by few cities. Statuary is everywhere. Philadelphia has one of the largest collections of outdoor sculpture in the world. Scenic vistas make this an extremely pleasant and somewhat inspiring place for outdoor activities.

Now all that Philadelphia needs is a Mr. Brotherly Love contest.

— Joseph R. De Marco

MIAMI

Dade County, and Florida's gay community, continues to reel under Anita Bryant's overwhelming victory June 7, 1977 when the five-month old homosexual rights ordinance was defeated by a nearly 2-to-1 margin. There was an atmosphere of fear created by Miss Bryant and her Save Our Children campaign that continues to linger over what was once thought to be a liberal community. In many ways the gay community has been brought together and out of the closet, thanks to Miss Bryant. The most horrible aspect of the entire controversy was the use of religion to defeat the rights of gays. God has been pictured as wanting to select His followers and that there is no place for the homosexual in religion. It's hard to believe that in this day and age one can not choose one's own lifestyle, but must follow the dictates of others. Where is democracy in Dade County, Florida?

The new in place for the gay set of South Florida is Grand Cayman Island, one of the three islands that make up the Caymans. Grand Cayman lies 480 miles due south of Miami — only one hour flying time on Cayman Airways, LACSA, or Southern.

The Cayman Islands have an average summer temperature of only a bit over 80°. There are short, intense rainstorms that last only a few hours. One can go skinny-dipping with a friend on any of the many isolated beaches and get an all around suntan.

Where you stay on Grand Cayman depends on what you're looking for, but there is something to suit most tastes, from plush resort hotels right on the beach to small out-of-the-way hotels. The people are a mixture with their own distinctive accent — a mixture of English and West Indian with touches of Irish, Welsh and American thrown in. The most noticeable influence of the Welsh is that sentences often end with an upward lift.

The Caymanians are friendly. The men are noted for their seamanship, and in the past the bulk of the male population had made the sea their livelihood. Today, many are engaged in occupations related to tourism.

There are many bars where one can meet people from all over the world who are looking for the same thing. Grand Cayman is a fun place to visit and to forget oneself or to find new friends.

A Chorus Line, which completed it's run at the Miami Beach Theater of the Performing Arts in June, set a new world's record by grossing $1 million in the month of May. This figure marks the largest amount ever grossed in the same period of weeks for a theatrical production anywhere in the world. Zev Burman, producer of productions at the Theater of the Performing Arts, says, "The entire eight-week engagement (April 19 through June 11) grossed $2 million and *A Chorus Line*, by the end of the run, played to close to 200,000 people in South Florida."

One of the new cruising areas in Miami is in and around the new $76 million Omni International. In a bustling world of tiny boutiques, quality shops, movie theaters, restaurants, and miles and miles of walkways, there is a great opportunity to meet people from all over. The male staff for Omni is very handsome. Many of the men who work there look like they stepped out of fashion magazines. Omni is certainly a place to be seen when in Miami.

As the winter season returns to South Florida, so will the big names from the world of entertainment. Some of the people returning to entertain this year will probably be Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., Ben Vereen, Charo, Liza Minnelli and Don Rickles. The winter season is shapping up to be one of our best.

— John Saunders







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